

THE
PILGRIM,
A
COMEDY:

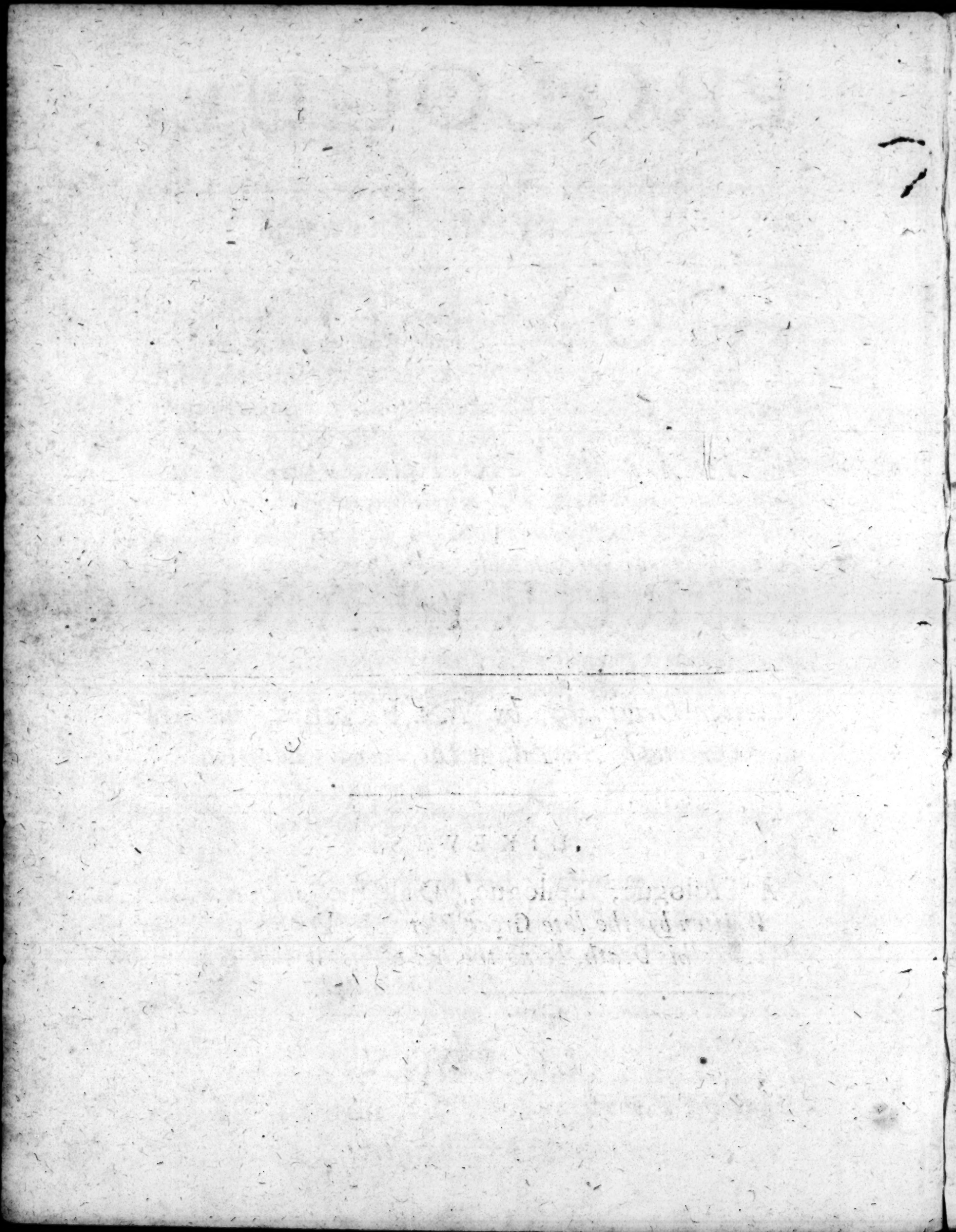
As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL,
IN
DRURY-LANE.

*Written Originally by Mr. Fletcher, and now
very much Alter'd, with several Additions.*

LIKEWISE

*A Prologue, Epilogue, Dialogue and Masque,
Written by the late Great Poet Mr. DRYDEN, just
before his Death, being the last of his WORKS.*

LONDON,
Printed for Benjamin Tooke, near the Middle-
Temple-Gate, in Fleet-street, 1700.



PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

HOW wretched is the Fate of those who write!
Brought muzled to the Stage, for fear they bite.
Where, like Tom Dove, they stand the Common Foe;
Lugg'd by the Critique, Baited by the Beau.
Yet worse, their Brother Poets Damn the Play,
And Roar the loudest, tho' they never Pay.
The Fops are proud of Scandal, for they cry,
At every lewd, low Character, — That's I.
He who writes Letters to himself, wou'd Swear
The World forgot him, if he was not there.
What shou'd a Poet do? 'Tis hard for One
To pleasure all the Fools that wou'd be shown: }
And yet not Two in Ten will pass the Town.
Most Coxcombs are not of the Laughing kind;
More goes to make a Fop, than Fops can find.
Quack Marus, tho' he never took Degrees
In either of our Universities;
Yet to be shown by some kind Wit he looks,
Because he plaid the fool and writ Three Books.
But if he wou'd be worth a Poet's Pen,
He must be more a Fool, and write again:
For all the former Fustian stuff he wrote,
Was Dead-born Doggrel, or is quite forgot;
His Man of Uz, stript of his Hebrew Robe,
Is just the Proverb, and As poor as Job.

One wou'd have thought he cou'd no longer Jog;
But Arthur was a Level, Job's a Bog.
There, tho' he crept, yet still he kept in sight;
But here, he founders in, and sinks down right.
Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by Rule,
Tobit had first been turn'd to Ridicule:
But our bold Britton, without Fear or Awe,
O're-leaps at once, the whole Apocrypha;
Invades the Psalms with Rhymes, and leaves no room
For any Vandal Hopkins yet to come.

But what if, after all, this Godly Geer,
Is not so Senceless as it wou'd appear?
Our Mountebank has laid a deeper Train,
His Cant, like Merry Andrew's Noble Vein, }
Cat-Call's the Sects, to draw 'em in again.
At leisure Hours, in Epique Song he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his Coaches Wheels,
Prescribes in hast, and seldom kills by Rule,
But rides Triumphant between Stool and Stool.

Well, let him go; 'tis yet too early day,
To get himself a Place in Farce or Play.
We know not by what Name we should Arraign him,
For no one Category can contain him;
A Pedant, Canting Preacher, and a Quack,
Are Load enough to break one Asses Back:
At last, grown wanton, he presum'd to write, }
Traduc'd Two Kings, their kindness to requite;
One made the Doctor, and one dubb'd the Knight.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE. By Mr. Dryden.

Perhaps the Parson stretch'd a point too far,
 When with our Theatres he wag'd a War.
 He tells you, That this very Moral Age
 Receiv'd the first Infection from the Stage.
 But sure, a banisht Court, with Lewdness fraught,
 The Seeds of open Vice returning brought.
 Thus Lodg'd, (as Vice by great Example thrives)
 It first debauch'd the Daughters and the Wives.
 London, a fruitful Soil, yet never bore
 So plentiful a Crop of Horns before.
 The Poets, who must live by Courts or starve,
 Were proud, so good a Government to serve;
 And mixing with Buffoons and Pimps profane,
 Tainted the Stage, for some small Snip of Gain.
 For they, like Harlots under Bawds profess'd,
 Took all th' ungodly pains, and got the least.
 Thus did the thriving Malady prevail,
 The Court, it's Head, the Poets but the Tail.
 The Sin was of our Native growth, 'tis true;
 The Scandall of the Sin was wholly new.
 Misses there were, but modestly conceal'd;
 White-hall the naked Venus first reveal'd.
 Who standing, as at Cyprus, in her Shrine,
 The Strumpet was ador'd with Rites Divine.
 E're this, if Saints had any Secret Motion,
 'Twas Chamber Practice all, and Close Devotion.
 I pass the Peccadillo's of their time;
 Nothing but open Lewdness was a Crime.
 A Monarch's Blood was venial to the Nation,
 Compar'd with one foul Act of Fornication.
 Now, they wou'd Silence us, and shut the Door
 That let in all the barefac'd Vice before.
 As for reforming us, which some pretend,
 That work in England is without an end;
 Well we may change, but we shall never mend.
 Yet, if you can but bear the present Stage,
 We hope much better of the coming Age.
 What wou'd you say, if we shou'd first begin
 To Stop the Trade of Love, behind the Scene:
 Where Actresses make bold with married Men?
 For while abroad so prodigal the Dolt is,
 Poor Spouse at home as ragged as a Colt is.
 In short, we'll grow as Moral as we can,
 Save here and there a Woman or a Man:
 But neither you, nor we, with all our pains,
 Can make clean work; there will be some Remains,
 While you have still your Oats, and we our Hains.

Persons:

Persons Represented.

Men.

A lphonso, an Old Angry Gentleman.	Mr. Johnson.
Curio, } His two Friends.	
Seberto, }	
Pedro, The Pilgrim, A Noble Gentleman, }	Mr. Wilks.
Servant to Alinda.	
Roderigo, Rival to Pedro, Captain of the Outlaws.	M. Powell.
Lopez, } Two Outlaws under Roderigo.	
Faques, }	
An Old Pilgrim.	
Governour of Segovia.	Mr. Simson.
Verdugo, A Captain under him.	
A Gentleman of the Country.	
Courtiers.	
Porter.	
Beggars.	
Master and Keeper of the Mad folks.	
A Scholar.	Mr. Thomas.
A Parson.	Mr. Haynes.
An Englishman. } Madmen.	Mr. Cibber.
A Welshman. }	Mr. Norris.
A Taylor.	Mr. Pinkeman.
Servants.	
Peasants	

Women.

Alinda, Daughter to Alphonso, }	Mrs. Oldfield
in Love with Pedro.	
Fuletta, Alinda's Maid, a smart Lass.	Mrs. Moor.
A Fool.	

T H E

THE PILGRIM, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonso, Curio, and Seberto.

Cur. **S**Eignior *Alphonso*, you are too rugged with her, too harsh; indeed you are.

Alph. Yes, it seems so.

Feb. A Father of so sweet a Child, so good, so beautiful; Fye, Sir, fye, so excellent a Creature.

Alph. She's a Fool; away.

Seb. Can you be angry? Can any wind blow rough upon a blossom so fair and tender? Can a Father's Nature, a Noble Father's too?

Alph. All this is but prating: Let her be rul'd; let her observe my Humour; with my Eyes let her see, with my Ears let her hear; I am her Father; I begot her, I bred her, and by *Jupiter* I will —

Seb. No doubt you may compel her, but think how wretched you by force may make her.

Alph. Wretched! wretched! Is't not a Man I force her to? A noble Man; A Rich Man; A Handsome Man; A Young Man; A Strong Man; none of your piec'd Companions, none of your washy Rogues, that fly to fitters upon every puff of Weather. I force her to a strong Dog, don't I? What wou'd the Flirt have?

Seb. I grant you, *Roderigo* is all these, and a brave Gentleman: But does it therefore follow, she must doat upon him? Will you allow no Liberty in chusing?

Cur. Alas! she's tender yet.

Alph. Tough, Tough, Tough as the Devil; you see I can't break her.

Seb. You put her to too hard a Tryal: You know, tho' he has Merit, he's a banish'd Man, an Out-law; you know the Life he leads; That he's the head of a rough Band of Robbers; Judge what Effect his bloody Rapines must needs e're this have workt upon his nature. A rugged Mate, I doubt, for such a Dove.

Cur.

Cur. Rugged indeed; Such different Tempers, where can you ever hope to reconcile?

Alph. Abed, abed, D'ye hear? abed, Sir. She won't find him so rugged there, I'll warrant you: She'll find ways to soften him. And for the Pranks he plays in's Banishment, it shews he's a mettled Fellow: He'll make e'm weary o' their Sentence; a small Composition will restore him. But I know the Secret of all this: My Minx has some other in View; some flickering Slave or other, some sweet-scented Coxcomb, that — a — Sings, I'll warrant you, and — a — Lutes it, Languishes, and has no Beard; ha! Is't not so?

Seb. So far from what you charge her with, I wou'd engage my Life, she has not yet a Glance to answer for.

Cur. I never yet beheld more Modesty.

Seb. Nor I, in one so young; so much discretion.

Alph. — Hum — and yet there was a Fellow (Dead I hope) whom I have seen her glance at, 'till I thought the Huffy wou'd have stuck her Eyes into the Rascal.

Seb. Pray, who was that?

Alph. *Pedro*, Sir, only *Pedro*, old *Fernando*'s hopeful Heir; my Mortal Foe, who's Family I wish consum'd; that's all, Sir.

Seb. If that be all, you have nothing left to fear; for *Pedro*, urg'd by secret discontent, has left his Father, Friends, and all; and, as 'tis said, is gone to range the World.

Alph. With all my heart: He was a Beggar, so strolling is his Business.

Cur. He was a Beggar, but a noble Beggar; shame on the Court for suffering him to be so.

Alph. Shame on those who encourage Beggars, I say. Here's this young Slut, in the midst of her Rebellion, is so very Religious, she undoes me with her Charity. Why, what a Crew of Vermin have I about my Door every day, to receive Meat, Drink, and Money, from her fair hands. Not a Rogue that can say his Prayers, groan, and turn his Pipe to Lamentation, but she thinks she's bound to dance to.

Alph. Enter

Alinda, and Juletta.

Alph. O, are you there Mistriss? Well, how goes Disobedience to day? — That's a base down Look — Ah you sturdy young Jade.

Cur. Pray be more gentle to her.

Alph. Pray be quiet; I know best how to deal with her: and I will make her obey, or I will make her —

Alin. Sir, you may make me any thing; you know I'm all Obedience, there's nothing but my Prayers and Tears oppose you.

Alph. Then will I oppose nothing but your Prayers and Tears. Now I hope you can't complain of me.

Cur. Poor Lady, how I pity her.

Alph. Pray, keep your Pity for a better occasion. Look you, Gentlewoman, you know my Will; and, in that, you know all; So I leave you to digest it; and I desire these Gentlemen will do so too.

Exit

Car. Seb. A better hour attend you, Madam.

{ Exit Alphonso, followed by Curio and Seberto. }

Alin. I thank ye Gentlemen: Alas! I want such Comforts. Wou'd I cou'd thank you too, Father; but your Cruelty won't give me leave. Grant, Heav'n, I mayn't forget my Duty to him.

Ful. If you do, Madam, Heav'n will forgive you for't, ne'er fear it. A perverse old Rogue. *(Aside.)*

Alin. What Poor attend my Charity to day, *Fuletta*?

Ful. Enow of all sorts, Madam; some that deserve your Pity, some that don't: But I wish you wou'd be merry with your Charity; a Chearful Look becomes it.

Alin. Alas! *Fuletta*, what is there for me to be merry at? What Joy have I in View?

Ful. Joy; why what Joy, i'th name of *Venus*, wou'd you have, but a Husband? A handsome lusty young Fellow, that will make such a bustle about you, he'll send your Spleen to the Devil, Madam.

Alin. Away, light Fool; I doubt there's poor Contentments to be found in Marriage. Yet cou'd I find a Man —

Ful. You may, a thousand.

Alin. Meer Men, I know I may. But such a Man, from whose Example (as from a Compass) we may steer our Course, and late arrive at such a Memory as shall become our Ashes; such Men are rare indeed. But no more of this, 'tis not Discourse that's suited to thy Giddy Temper: Let's in, and see what poor afflicted Wretches want my Charity. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE II.

Enter Porter, Beggars, Pedro, and an old Pilgrim.

Port. Stand off, and keep your Ranks! Twenty foot farther. There, louse your selves with Reason and Discretion — The Sun shines warm. No nearer. The farther still the better: Your Beasts will bolt anon, and then 'tis dangerous.

1st. Beg. Hey ho! Heav'n bless our Mistriss.

Port. Do's the Crack go that way, old Hunger, ha? 'Twill be o' my side anon.

2d. Beg. Pray, Friend, be kind to us.

Port. Friend! your Friend; and why your Friend, Sirrah, Meager Chaps? What do you see in me, Louse-trap, or without me, ha! that I shou'd be your Friend? Have I got the Itch, Scrub, or do I look like some of thy Acquaintance hung in Gibbets? Hast thou any Friends, Kindred, or Alliance, or any higher Ambition than an Alms Basket? This young soft-hearted Mistriss of mine do's make these Rogues so familiar.

2d. Beg. I'm sure I wou'd be your Worship's Friend.

Port. No doubt on't, Vermin; and so you shall, when I Quarter the same Louse with you.

B

3d. Beg.

3d. Beg. I'm sure it's Twelve a Clock.

Port. 'Tis ever so with thee, when thou hast done scratching; For that provokes thy stomach to ring Noon. O the infinite Seas of Porridge thou hast swallow'd! Alms do you call it, to relieve these Rascalls?

Enter Alphonso, Curio, Sebarto.

Alph. Look you there! Did not I tell you how she wou'd undoe me! What Marts of Rogues and Beggars!

Seb. 'Tis Charity Methinks you are bound to love her for.

Alph. Yes, I'll warrant you. If Men cou'd Sail to Heav'n in Porridge-pots, with Masts of Beef and Mutton, what a Voyage shou'd I make? What are all these here?

1st. Beg. Poor People, an't like your Worship.

2d. Beg. Wretched poor People.

3d. Beg. Very hungry People.

Alph. And very Lousie. And what are you! (to the Pilg.)

Old Pilg. Strangers, that come to wonder at your Charity; yet People poor enough to begg a Blessing.

Cur. Use 'em gently, Sir, they have a reverend Mien. You are Holy Pilgrims, are you not?

Old Pil. We are, Sir, and bound far off, to offer our Devotions.

Alph. What do you do here then; We have no Reliques, no Holy Shrines.

Old Pil. The Holiest we ever heard of: You keep a living Monument of Goodness; a Daughter of that Pious Excellence, the very Shrines of Saints sink at her Virtue. We come to see this Lady, not with Prophane Eyes, or wanton Blood, to doat upon her Beauty; but through our tedious way, to beg her Blessing.

Alph. This is a new way of Begging; these Commendations cry Money for Reward, good store too: Ah! the Sainting of this young Harlot will Cost me Dear.

[to Pedro] Well, Sir, have you got your Compliments ready too, and your empty Purse? Hah! what nothing but a bow; Modesty?

Cur. A handsome well look'd Man.

Alph. What Country Craver are you? What! nothing but Motion? A Puppit Pilgrim.

Old Pil. He's a stranger, Sir, these four days I have travel'd in his Company; but little of his Business or his Language yet I have understood.

Seb. Both young and handsome; only the Sun has injur'd him.

Alph. Wou'd you have Money, Sir, or Meat, or a Wench? What kind of Blessing doe's your Devotion point at, Still more Ducking? Are there any Saints that understand by sign only? Hah, more Motion yet? This is the prettiest Pilgrim; the Pink of Pilgrims.

Cur. Eye, Sir, Eye; rather bestow your Charity then Jest upon him.

Alph. Say you so? Why then, look ye, Pilgrim, here's a poor *Viaticum*, very good Gold, Sir, I'm Sorry 'tis not heavier. But since the lightest Grain of earthly Dross wou'd be a Burthen to a Heav'nly mind—I'll put it up again.

Cur.

Cur. O horrible! you are too Irreverent.

Alp. You are a——Must I give my Money to every Rogue that carries a grave Look in's Face? Must my good Angels wait upon him? I'll find 'em other business.

Seb. But consider, Sir, the Wrongs you do those Men may light on you: Strangers are entitul'd to a softer Usage.

Alpb. Oon's, half the Kingdom will be strangers shortly, if this young Slut's suffer'd to go on with her Prodigalities. But I must be an Ass: Here, Sirrah, see 'em reliev'd for once; do't effectually too, d'ye hear? Burst 'em, that I may never see 'em more. Were I young again, I'd sooner get Bear-whelps than She-Saints. *(Exit.*

Cur. Such a Face as that, sure I have seen.

Seb. I thought so too; but we must be mistaken. *(Exit.*

Port. Come, will ye troop up, Porridge Regiment? Captain Poor-Quarter, will ye move?

Enter Alinda and Juletta.

Alin. Why are not these poor Wretches serv'd yet?

2 Beg. Bless our good Mistriß.

Port. They are too high fed, Madam; their Stomachs are not awake yet.

Alin. Do you make sport with their Miseries? Sir, learn more Humanity, or I shall find a way to teach it you.

3 Beg. Kind Heaven preserve her, and for ever bless her.

Alin. Bless the good end I mean it for.

Exit Beg,

Jul. aside. Wou'd I knew what that were; if it be for a Man, I'd say Amen with all my heart.

You have a very pretty Band of Pensioners, Madam.

Alin. Vain Glory wou'd seek more and handsomer; But I appeal to Virtue what my end is.

What Men are these?

Julet. Holy Pilgrims they seem to be. What Pity 'tis that handsome young Fellow shou'd undergo so much Penitance: Wou'd I were the Saint he makes his Vow to; I'd soon grant his Request, let him ask what he wou'd.

Alin. You are Pilgrims, Sirs, Is't not so?

Old Pil. We are, fair Saint; may Heaven's Grace surround you; May all good Thoughts and Prayers dwell about you; Abundance be your Friend, and Holy Charity be ever at your hand to Crown you Glorious.

Alin. I thank you, Sir; Peace guide your Travels too;
And what you wish for most, end all your troubles.
Remember me by this; (*Giving him Money*) and in
Your Prayers, when your strong Heart melts,
Meditate my poor Fortunes.

Old Pil. All my Devotions wait upon your Service.

Alin. Are you of this Country, Sir?

Old Pil. Yes, worthiest Lady, but far off bred: My
Fortune's farther from me.

Alin. I am no Inquisitor, whatever Vow or Pennance pulls you on,
Sir, Conscience, or Love, or stubborn Disobedience; The Saint you
Kneel too, hear and ease your Travels.

Old Pil. Yours ne'er begin; and thus I Seal my Prayers.

(*Exit.*)

Alin. aside. How steadfastly this Man looks upon me? How he Sighs?
Some great Affliction sure's the source of his Devotions.

To Ped. Right Holy Sir: He turns from us. Alas he weeps too: Some-
thing presses him he wou'd reveal, but dares not. Sir, be Comforted: If
you want, to me you appear so worthy of Relief, I'll be your Steward.
Speak and take. He's Dumb still. This Man stirs me strangely.

Ful. Wou'd he wou'd stir me a little; I like his shape well. (*Aside.*)

Alin. It may be he wou'd speak to me alone; (*Aside.*)
Retire a little, *Fuletta*; but d'ye hear, don't be far off.

Ful. I shan't, Madam: Wou'd I were nearer him: A young smug hand-
some Holyness has no fellow.

(*Aside. Exit.*)

Alin. Why do you grieve? Do you find your Pennance sharp?
Are the Vows you have made, too mighty for you?
Or does the World allure you to look back, and make you mourn the
softer Hours you have lost? You are young, and seem as you were
form'd for Manly Resolution; Come, be Comforted:

Ped. I am, fair Angel: And such a Comfort from your words I feel,
that tho' Calamities, like angry Waves, curl round, contending proudly,
who shall first devour me, yet I will stem their Danger.

Alin. He speaks Nobly. (*Aside.*) What do you want, Sir?

Ped. All that can make me happy: I want my self.

Alin. Your self! Who robb'd you, Pilgrim?
Why does he look so earnestly upon me? I want my self. (*Aside.*)
Indeed you Holy wanderers are said to seek much,
But to seek your selves——

Ped. I seek my self, and am but my self's shadow, have lost my self, and
now am not so Noble.

Alin. aside. I seek my self; sure, something I remember bears that Motto?
It is not he; he's younger, has a smoother Face; yet for that Self sake,
Pilgrim, who-so e're it be, take this.

Ped.

Ped. Your hand I dare take ; that be far from me : Your hand I hold, and thus I kiss it ; and thus I bless it too. *Be constant still : Be good : And live to be a great Example.*

(*Exit.*

Alin. One word more. He's gone : Heav'n ! How I Tremble ?
Be Constant still ; 'tis the very Poesie here ; and here without, Be Good.
He wept too, as he left me. It must be *Pedro.* *Juletta.*

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Madam.

Alin. Take this Key, and quickly fetch me the Jewel that lies in my little Cabinet. That will determine all, (*Exit Julet.*)
It must be he : His Face was smother when I saw him last ; yet there's a Manly Look, and Noble Shape, still speak him *Pedro.*

Enter Juletta.

Alin. Let me see it : 'Tis so ; 'Tis he ; it must be he. He spoke the words just as they stand engraven here. *I seek my self, and am but my self's shadow.*

Poor *Pedro* ! But how shall I recover him ?

Juletta, the Pilgrim, where is he ? which way did he go ?

Jul. Alas, Madam, I don't know ; it's in vain to seek him now.

Alin. I tell thee, I must see him ; I gave him nothing.

Jut. That was ill done, indeed ; for he's the handsomest Fellow I have seen this many a Day. What makes her look so thoughtful ? Sure here's something afoot more than ordinary.

Alin aside. 'Tis enough. He has done much for me : I'll try what Rep-
compence 'tis in my power to make him. (*Exit.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT

A C T II.

Enter Alphonso, Curio, Seberto, Juletta and Servants.

Alph. Can she slip through a Key-hole? Tell me that; resolve me;
Can she fly i'th Air? Is she invisible? Gone, and no body
knew it!

Seb. Pray, be more moderate.

Alph. Some Goatish Rogue has watcht her hour of Itching, and has claw'd
her, claw'd her; the Dog has claw'd her. 'Oons find her out, or I'll
hang ye all; you, Wagtail, you know her Designs, you were of her
Council, (*to Julet*) her bawdy Adviser; where is she, Strumpet?

Jul. You wou'd know of me, Sir.

Alph. Of you Sir? Yes of you Sir; why, what are you Sir?

Jul. Her Servant, Sir, her faithful Servant.

Alph. Servant? Her Bawd; her Fiddle-stick; her Lady Fairy, to oil
the Doors o' nights, that they mayn't creek. Where is she, Infamy?

Jul. 'Tis very well.

Alph. You Lie, 'tis ill, Damnable ill; and either confess, or ———

Jul. Indeed I won't.

Seb. Why?

Jul. Because I can't; if I cou'd, I'd give another Reason.

Alph. Well said; but I shall deal with you, you Slut you. What say
you, Thick-skull, which way did she get out? why were not my Doors
shut?

(to the Porter.

Port. They were, a'nt Please you; nothing open but the Key-hole.

Alph. Where did she lye? Who lay with her?

Port. Not I, an't please you; I lay with *Frederick* in the Flea-Cham-
ber.

Alph. Once more, of thee I demand her; tell me News of her, or ex-
pect ——— the Devil and all.

(to Julet.

Cur. Come *Juletta*, if you know any thing, tell him —

Jul. Look ye, Sir, if I knew all, and had been intrusted by her, not
all the Devils you cou'd call upon, shou'd scare one single Hint from me.
But, since I know nothing worth your knowing, I'll tell you what I do
know. I know she's gone, because we can't find her. I know she's gone
cun-

cunningly, because you can't find which way. I know she was weary of your Tyranny, because the Devil wou'd have been so too: And I know, if she's wife, she'll never come again —

Alph. Out of my Doors.

Ful. That's all my poor Petition. For were your house Gold, and she not in't, I shou'd think it but a Cage to whistle in.

Alph. Whore, if she be above ground, I'll have her —

Ful. I'd live in a Colepit then, if I were she.

Cur. Indeed, Sir, I fancy she knows nothing of her Flight; you know her mad way of talking.

Alph. Hang her, hang her, she knows too much.

Enter Servant drunk.

Well Rascal, have you any News of her?

Serv. N. — N. — Not a Drop Sir. The Butler gave me the Key of the Cellar, to search the Cellar, Sir; so I have been searching the Cellar.

Alph. Here's a Dog for you.

Serv. I searcht every Hoghead, Sir, and open'd some Bottles, but cou'd not find a spoonfull of her.

Alph. You Rascal, get you out of my reach, or I'll be thy Murderer.

Enter another Servant that stammers.

Serv. S, S, S, S, Sir.

Alph. Well, what News? Be quick:

Serv. My yo, yo, yo, yo, young La-Lady is gone —

Alph. I know she's gone, you Dog, but where?

Serv. Out at the P —

Alph. Out with't, you Son of a Whore —

Serv. The Po, ho, ho, ho, ho, hoftern Gate of the Ga, ha, ha, ha, ha —

Alph. This Dog will make me mad; but one stammering Rogue in the Family, and it must fall to his share to give me an account of her. The Wind's in the East too; The Dog won't get it out this Hour. Where was it, Sirrah, where was it?

Serv. The Ga-arden Sir, the Ga-arden.

Alph. The Garden, Sir, the Garden; was it so?

And how do you know she got out at the Garden, ha?

Serv. I f— f— saw, an't p, p, p, p, please you, the P— Print off her fo, fo, fo, fo, Foot.

Alph. Right, a Foot, a little Foot, a young Whore's Foot?

Serv.

Serv. Ye, Yes Sir.

Alph. And from thence scrambled over the Wall into the Park, and for to the Devil?

Serv. So I sup, -p, -pose, Sir.

Alph. 'Tis very well, ye Stars, 'tis very well: This comes of Indulgence, I must needs allow her the Key of the Garden, to walk on Fast-days, and Contemplate with a Pox: But I'll fetch her again, with a Fire-brand at her Tail. My Horses there —

Seb. } You'll give us Leave to wait upon you?
Cnr. }

Alph. That you may if you please. My Horse there; dispatch. Are you so Hot, I Faith? I'll Cool you, Mistress; Must you be jumping Joan? If I catch you again, I'll clap such a Clogg about your Neck, you shall leap no more Walls I'll warrant you; I'll hang *Roderigo* there, I faith. My Horses, quick; and d'ye hear, keep me this young Lirry Poop within doors, fast; I shall discover Dame —

(*Exit Alph. &c.*)

Ful. Indeed you won't Sir.

Aside. Well, Love, if thou be'st with her; or whatever Power else arms her Resolution, conduct her carefully, and keep her from this Madman — Direct her to her Wishes; dwell about her; let no dishonourable End o'take her, Danger or Want; and let me try my Fortune —

Enter Roderigo and four Out-Laws.

1st Out. You are not merry Captain.

Rod. Why, we get nothing, we have no sport; Whoring and Drinking spoils us; we keep no Guard.

2d Out. I'm sure there's neither Merchant nor Gentleman passes, but we have Tribute.

Rod. Yes, and while we spend that idly, we let those pass that carry the best Booty: I'll have all searcht and brought in. Rogues and Beggars have found the Trick of late to become Bankers. In short, Gentlemen, I'll have none Escape but my Friends and Neighbours, who may be useful in laying my Innocence before the King: All others shall pay their Passport.

2d Out. You now speak like a Captain; if we spare any, flea us, and Coin our Cassocks.

Rod. You hear of no Preparations the King intends against us?

3d Out. Not a Word; Don't we see his Garrisons?

Rod. Who have we out now?

2d Out. Good fellows, that, if there be any Purchase stirring, won't slip it; *Jaques* and *Lopez*, Lads that know their Business.

Rod.

Rod. Where's the Boy you brought in e'n now? he's a pretty Lad, and of a quick Capacity —

1 Out. He's within at Meat, Sir; the poor Knave's hungry; yet he seasons all he eats or drinks, with Tears.

2 Out. He's young; 'tis Fear and want of Company.

Rod. Don't use him roughly, and he'll soon grow bolder. I intend to keep him to wait upon me; I like the Boy, there's something in his Face pleases me strangely: Be sure you all use him gently.

1 Out. Here's a little Box, Sir, we took about him, which almost broke his Heart to part with; I fancy there's something of Value in't; I can't open it.

Rod. Alas! some little Money, I warrant you, the poor Knave carry'd to defray his Charge: I'll give it him again.

Enter Jaques, Lopez, with Pedro.

How now! Who's this? What have you brought me here, So'diers?

Jaqu. Why Truly we don't well know; only he's a damn'd sullen fellow.

Rod. Where did you take him?

Lop. Upon the skirt of the Wood, sauntering and peeping about, as if he were looking for the best Access to our Quarters: Money he had enough, and when we threatned him, he smil'd and yeilded, but would not speak one word.

Rod. Pilgrim, come hither; are you a Pilgrim, Sir? A Piece of pretty Holiness; do you shrink, my Master? A smug young Saint this. What Country were you born in, I pray? What, not a Word? had your Mother this excellent Virtue too? Sure, she was a Matchless Woman: What a blessed Family is this Fellow sprung from! sure he was begot in a Calm. Are your Lips Sealed, or do you scorn to Answer? Look you, Sir, you are in my Hands, and I shall be too hard for you: Put off his Bonnet, Soldiers. You have a speaking Face, Sir.

Lop. A Handsome one, I'm sure; this Pilgrim can't want ~~the~~ Saints to pray to.

Rod. Stand nearer: Ha?

Ped. Come, do your worst; I am ready.

Rod. Have you found your Tongue then? Retire all, and let me talk with him alone; and keep your Guards strict. (*Ex. all but Rod. and Ped.*) So, now, what art thou?

Ped. What am I? My habit shews me what I am.

Rod. A Desperate Fool; and so thy fate shall tell thee. What Devil brought thee hither? For I know thee.

Ped. I know thou dost; and since it is my Fortune to light into thy hands,

hands, I must conclude, the most malicious of Devils brought me; yet some Men say thou art Noble——

Rod. Not to thee; that were a benefit to mock the giver. Thy Father hates my Friends and Family; and thou hast been the Heir of all his Malice; can two such Storms then meet, and part without Kissing?

Ped. You have the mightier hand.

Rod. And so I'll use it.

Ped. I cannot hinder you; less can I begg submissive at his knees that knows no Honour, that bears the stamp of Man, and not his Nature. You may do what you please.

Rod. I will do all.

Ped. I do expect thou wilt; for had'st thou been a Noble Enemy, thou wou'dst have sought me whilst I carried Arms, whilst my good Sword was my Profession, and then have cri'd out, *Pedro*, I defy thee; then stuck *Alphonso's* Quarrel on thy point; the mercenary anger thou serv'st under, to get his Daughter. But now, thou poorly, basely, settest thy Toils to catch me, and like the trembling Peasant, that dares not meet the Lion in the face, dig'st crafty Pitfalls. Thou shame to Spanish Honour.

Rod. Thy bravery is to thy Habit due: That Holy dress thou think'st will be thy sanctuary; thou wilt not find it so.

Ped. I Look not for't; The more unhallow'd Wretch howe're art thou t'invade it.

Rod. When you were bravest, Sir, and your Sword sharpest, I durst affront you, you know I durst; when the Court Sun guilded you, and every Cry was, The young hopeful *Pedro*, *Alonso's* sprightly Son, then I durst meet you, when you were Master of this mighty Fame, and all your Glories in the full Meridian. Had we then come to Competition, which I often fought——

Ped. And I desir'd too.

Rod. You shoud have seen this Sword and felt it too, sharper than Sorrow felt it. Then like a Gentleman I wou'd have us'd thee, and given thee the fair Fortue of thy cast: But since thou steal'st upon me like a Spye, and Theif-like think'st that Holy Case shall save thee, base as thy Purposes thy end shall be. Soldiers, appear, and bring a halter with ye. I'll forgive your Holy Habit, Sir, but I'll hang you.

Enter Lopez, Jaques and Out Laws.

1. Out. Here's a Halter, noble Captain, what service have you fort?

Rod. That Traytor has Service fort. Truss him up.

1. Out. With all my heart; d'ye want a band, Sir? I'll fit it to your Collar immediatly.

Lopez.

Lop. What's his fault, Captain?

Rod. 'Tis my will, he perrish; that's his fault.

Ped. A Captain of good Government: Come, Soldiers, come, you are roughly bred, and Bloody; shew your Obedience, and the Joy you have, in executing Impious Commands. You have a Captain Seals you liberal Pardons: Be no more Christians, 'tis not in your way, put Religion by, 'twill make you Cowards. Feel no Tenderness; nor let a thing call'd Conscience trouble you; alas! 'twill breed delay. Bear no Respect to what I seem; were I a Saint indeed, why shou'd that stagger ye? You know no Holiness; to be excellent in Evil is your Goodness; and be so, 'twill become you; have no Hearts for fear you shou'd repent, for Repentance will be dangerous.

Rod. Trusts up the Preacher.

Ped. The Racks of Conscience are of dire Importance. Be therefore steady in your Mischiefs; waver not.

Rod. Up with him, I say.

Ped. Why do you not obey your Chief? Come, this one daring stroak at Heav'n, will make ye hard'ned Soldiers of Iniquity.

Rod. What do the Villains gaze at? Why am I not obeyed?

Faq. What would you have us do?

Rod. Dispatch the Babler——

Faq. And have Religious Bloud hang o're our Heads? We have sins enough already, to make our Graves loath us.

Rod. I shall not be obey'd then?

Lop. Obey'd? I don't know; tho' I am a Thief, I'm no Hangman: They are two Trades; I don't care to meddle with Holy Blood.

Rod. Holy, or Unholy, I'll have it done.

1 *Out.* If I do't, I'll be Damn'd.

2 *Out.* Or I.

3 *Out.* Or I. We'll do any thing that's reasonable; but the Devil wou'd flinch at such a Job.

Faq. I have done as many Villanies as another; and tho' I say't, with as few Qualms: But I don't like this, it goes against my Stomack.

Rod. Have ye then conspir'd, ye Slaves?

Ped. Why art thou so disturb'd at their Refusal; if 'tis my Life alone thou want'st, why with thy own curst hand dost thou not take it? Thine's the Revenge; Be thine the Glory: Engross it to thy self, take the whole sin upon thee, and be Mighty in Evil, as thou art in Anger. And let not those poor wretches howl for thy sake.

Rod. 'Tis enough; I'll make ye all repent this stubborness; nor will I yet be baffled, I'll find another means to have my Will obeyed. Let him not scape, I charge ye, on your Lives. (Exit Rod.)

Faq. What the Devil have you done Pilgrim, to make him rave and rage thus? Have you kill'd his Father, or his Mother, or strangled any of his Kindred?

Lop. Or has he no Sisters? Han't you been Bouncing about them?

1 Out. O' my Conscience his Quarrel to thee is not for being Holier than he.

Lop. Nor for seeming an Honester Man; for we have no Trading here with such stuff. To be excellent Thieves is all we aim at. Hark thee, Pilgrim; wilt thou take a Spit and a Stride, and try if thou canst out-run us?

Ped. No, I scorn to shift his Fury.

Jaq. Thou wilt be hang'd then.

Ped. I cannot dye with fewer faults about me.

1 Out. I fancy he'll shoot him; for the Devil's in't if he hang him himself.

Lop. No, he's too proud for that; he'll make some body do't: See, here he comes again, and as full of Rage as ever.

1 Out. He has got the Boy with him; sure he won't make him do't.

Lop. As like as not.

Enter Roderigo and Alinda.

Rod. Come, Sirrah, no wonders. Nay, don't Stare, nor hang back; do't, or I'll hang you, you young Dog——

Alin. Alas, Sir, What wou'd you have me do? Heaven's Goodness shield me.

Rod. Do? Why, hang a Rogue that wou'd hang me.

Alin. I'm a Boy, and weak, Sir; pray excuse me.

Rod. Thou art strong enough to tye him to a Bough, and turn him off. Come, be quick.

Alin. For Heav'n's sake, Sir.

Rod. Do ye dispute, Sirrah?

Alin. O, no, Sir; I'll do the best I can. Which is the Man, Sir?

Rod. That in the Pilgrim's Coat there; that Devil in the Saint's Skin.

Alin. Guard me, ye Powers.

Rod. Come, Dispatch.

Ped. I wait thy worst.

Jaq. to Lop. Will the Boy do it? Is the Rogue so bold? So young, so deep in Bloud!

Lop. He shakes and trembles.

Rod. Dost thou seek more Coals still to sear thy Conscience? Work Sacred Innocence to be a Devil? Do it thy self, for shame: Thou best become'st it.

Rod. Thou art not worthy en't. No, this Child shall strangle thee. A Crying Girl, if she were here, should Master thee.

Alin. How shall I Save him? How my self from Violence? Are you prepar'd to dye, Sir?

Ped.

Ped. Yes, Boy ; Prethee to thy Bu'sness.

Jaq. The young Dog begins to look as if he wou'd do't in earnest.

Alin. If y'are prepar'd, How can you be so angry, so perplex'd ?
Heaven's won by Patience, not by Heat and Passion.

Lop. The Bastard will make a good Priest.

Ped. I thank thee, gentle Child, thou teache'st rightly.

Alin. Methinks you seem to fear too.

Ped. Thou see'st more than I feel, Boy.

Alin. You tremble sure.

Ped. No, Boy, 'tis but thy tenderness ; prithee make haste.

Alin. Are ye so willing then to go ?

Ped. Most willing. I wou'd not borrow from his Bounty, one poor hour of Life, to gain an Age of Glory.

Alin. And is your Reckoning stated right with Heav'n ?

Pedro. As right as Truth, Boy ; I cou'd not go more joyful to a Wedding.

Alin. Then to your Prayers ! I'll dispatch you presently.

Rod. A good Boy ; I'll reward thee well.

Alin. I thank you, Sir ; but pray allow me a short word in private.
Now guide my Tongue, ye blessed Saints above. *(Aside.)*

Rod. What wou'dst thou have, Child ?

Alin. Must this Man Dye ?

Rod. Why dost thou ask that Question ?

Alin. Pray be not angry ; if he must, I'll do it :

But must he now ?

Rod. What else ; Who dares reprieve him ?

Alin. Pray think again ; and as the Injuries are great this Man has done : you, so suit your Vengeance to 'em.

Rod. I do ; 'tis therefore he must dye—

Alin. A Trifle.

Rod. What is a Trifle ?

Alin. Death, if he dye now.

Rod. Why, my best Boy ?

Alin. I love you, Sir, I wou'd not tell you else. Is it Revenge to Saint your Enemy ; Clap the Dove's, Wings of Downy Peace upon him, and let him soar to Heaven, is this Revenge ?

Rod. Yet die he must.

Alin. Right. Let him die, but not prepar'd to die. That were the Blessing of a Father on him ; and all who know and love Revenge wou'd laugh at you. You see, thus fortified, he scorns your Threats, despises all your Tortures ; smiles to behold your Rage ; so blind your View, that while you aim his hated Soul to Hell, you shoot it up to Heav'n. Shall he die now ?

Lop. What has the Boy done to him ?

Jaq. How thoughtfully he looks ?

Alin.

Alin. Come, Sir, you are wise, and have the World's regard; you are valiant too, and see your Valour honour'd. 'Twill be a Stain to both, indeed it will, to have it said, you have given your Fury leave to prey on a poor passive wayward Pilgrim —

Rod. The Boy has shaken me: What wou'dst thou have me do?

Alin. Alas Sir, do you ask a Child? But since you do, I'll say the best I know. I'd have you then do bravely, scorn him, and let him go. You have made him tremble, now seal his Pardon; and when he appears a Subject fit for Anger, fit for you, his pious Armour off, his hopes no higher than your Sword may reach, then strike the noble Blow. (*aside* I hope I have turn'd him.

Rod. Here; Let the Fool go. I scorn his Life too much to take it from him. But if we meet again —

Ped. I thank ye, Sir.

Rod. No more: Be gone.

Exit Pedro:

Alin. Why this was greatly done, most noble.
But whether is he gone! O, shall we never meet happy?

(*aside*

Rod. Come, Boy, thou shalt retire with me; I love thy Company: Thou hast a pleasing Tongue; come with me, Child.

Alin. I'll wait upon ye, Sir. (*aside*) O! *Pedro.*

Ex. Rod. Alin.

Lop. The Boy has don't; he has sav'd the Pilgrim.
A Cunning young Rogue, I shall love him for't heartily.

Jaq. And so shall I. But the Knave's so good, I'm afraid he'll ruine us, he'll make us all honest.

1 Out. Marry Heav'n forbid.

2 Out. He'll find that a harder Task, than to save the Pilgrim.

Lop. That I believe: But come, Gentlemen, let's to Supper; we'll 'Drink the Boy's Health, and so about our business.

Exeunt.

The End of the Second Act.

Act

A C T III.

Enter Roderigo, Jaques, Lopez, and three Out-Laws.

Rod. 'Tis strange none of you shoud know her.

Jaq. Alas ! we never saw her, nor heard of her, but from you.

Lop. I don't think 'twas she; Methinks a Woman shoud not dare —

Rod. Thou speak'st thou know'st not what: What dares not Woman, when she is provok'd? Or what seems dangerous to Love and Fury? That it is she, These Jewels here confirm me, for part of 'em I my self sent her, which (tho' against her Will) her Father forc'd her to accept and wear.

Lop. 'Tis very strange, a Wench and we not know it, I us'd to have a better Nose.

Jaq. But what could be her business here?

Rod. That's what distracts me. O! that canting Pilgrim, that Villain *Pedro*; there lies my Torture. How cunningly she pleaded for him? How Artfully she sav'd him? Death and Torments, had ye been true to me, I nee'r had suffer'd this.

1 Out. Why, you might have hang'd him if you wou'd; and wou'd he had been hang'd, that's all we care for't, so we had not don't —

Rod. But where is she now? What care have ye had of that? Why have ye let her go, to despise and laugh at me?

Lop. The Devil that brought her hither, has carried her back again, I think; for none of us saw her go.

Jaq. No living thing came this Night through our Watches. You know she went with you.

Rod. And was by me, 'till I fell asleep. But when I wak'd and cal'd was gone. Curse on my Dulness, why did I not open this? This wou'd have told me all.

Enter Alphonso and two Out-Laws.

Alph. Prethee bring me to thy Captain, where's thy Captain, Fellow? Oh, I am founder'd, I am melted; some Fairy has led me about all Night; the Devil has entic'd me with the voice of a Whore. Where's thy Captain, Fellow?

1 Out. Here Sir, there he stands.

Alp. O! Captain, how dost thou, Captain? I have been fool'd, bubbled, made an Ass on: My Daughter's run away; I have been haunted too; have lost my Horse, am starved for want of Meat, and out of my Wits.

Rod. I'm sorry, Sir, to see you engag'd in so many Misfortune's; But pray

pray walk in, refresh your self, and I'll inform you what has hapned here; but I'll recover your Daughter, or lose my Life: In the mean time all these shall wait upon you.

Alph. My Daughter be damn'd. Order me Drink enough; I'm almost Choak'd. (*Ex. Alp. Rod.*)

Rod. You shall have any thing. What think you now Soldiers?

Jaq. I think, a Woman's a Woman; that's all.

Lop. And I think the next Boy we take, we shou'd search him a little nearer. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Julietta Sola, in Boys Cloaths.

Jul. This is *Roderigo's* Quarter; my old Master's gone in here, and I'll be with him soon; I'll startle him a little better than I have done. All this long Night have I led him out of the way, to try his Patience. I have made him Swear and Curse, and Pray, and Curse again: I have made him lose his Horse too, whistled him through thick and thin. Down in a Ditch I had him; there he lay blaspheming, till I called him out to guide his Nose pop into a Fuz bush. Ten thousand Tricks I have play'd him, and ten thousand will add to them before I have done with him. I'll teach him to plague poor Women. But all this while, I can't meet with my dear Mistress. I'm cruelly afraid she shou'd be in Distress; wou'd to kind Heav'n I cou'd come to comfort her: But, till I do, I'll haunt thy Ghost, *Alphonso*; I will, old Crab-Tree. He shan't sleep; I'll get a Drum for him, I'll frighten him out of his wits; I have such a Hurricane in my head, I have almost lost my own already; and I'm resolv'd I won't be mad alone. When a Woman sets upon playing the Devil, 'twere alhame she shou'd not do't to the purpose. (*Exit.*)

Enter Seberto and Curio.

Seb. 'Tis strange, in all the Tour we have made, we shou'd have no news at all of her.

Cur. I Can't think she's got so far.

Seb. She's certainly disguis'd; her Modesty wou'd never venture in her own Shape.

Cur. Let her take any Shape, I'm sure I cou'd distinguish her.

Seb. So cou'd I, I think. Has not her Father found her?

Cur. Not he, he's so wild, he wou'd not know her if he met her.

Seb. I hope he wou'd not; for 'tis pity she shou'd fall into his hands. But where are we, *Curio*?

Cur. In a Wood, I think; hang me if I know else: And yet I have riden all these Coasts, and at all hours.

Seb. I wish we had a Guide.

Cur. If I am not much mistaken, *Seberto*, we are not far from *Roderigo's* Quarters. I think 'tis in this Thicket he and his Out-Laws harbour.

Seb. Then we are where *Alphonso* appointed to meet us.

Cur

Curi. I believe we are, wou'd we cou'd meet some living thing to inform us.

Seb. What's that there?

[Enter Alinda.

Curi. A Boy, I think; stay, Why may not he direct us?

Alin. I am hungry, and I am weary, almost quite spent, yet cannot find him; keep me in my Wits, good Heav'n! I feel 'em wavering. O my Head.

Seb. Hey Boy, dost hear, thou stripling!

Alin. O my fears, some of *Roderigo's* wicked Crew. If I am carried back to him, I then indeed am wretched.

Curi. Dost know what place this is, Child?

Alin. No indeed, Sir, not I. O my Bones!

Seb. What dost thou complain for, Boy? A very pretty Lad this.

Curi. What's the matter with thee, Child?

Alin. Alas, Sir! I was going to *Segovia*, to see my sick Mother, and here I have been taken, robb'd, and beaten by drunken Thieves. O my back.

Seb. What Rogues are these to use a poor Boy thus! Look up Child, be of good cheer, hold up thy head.

Alin. O, I cannot, it hurts me if I do; they have given me a great blow on the Neck.

Curi. What Thieves are they, dost know?

Alin. They call the Captain *Roderigo*. O Dear, O Dear.

Curi. Look you there; I knew we were thereabouts.

Seb. Dost thou want any thing?

Alin. Nothing but ease, Sir.

Curi. There's some Mony for thee however, and get thee to thy Mother.

Alin. I thank ye Gentlemen, pray Heaven bless ye.

Seb. Come let's along, we can't lose our way now.

[Exit.

Alin. I'm glad you are gone, Gentlemen; I know you are honest men, but I don't know whether you are on my side upon this occasion; Lord how I tremble, send me but once into *Pedro's* Arms, Dear Fortune, and then come what will—Which way shall I go, or what shall I do? 'tis almost Night again, and I know not where to get either Meat or Lodging. These wild Woods, and the various fancies that possess my Brain will run me Mad. Hey ho.

[Enter Juletta with a Drum.

Jule. Boy, Boy.

Alin. More set to take me.

Jule. Dost hear, Boy? a word with thee.

Alin. 'Tis a Boy too, and no bigger than I am, I can deal with him.

Jule. Hark ye young Man; Can you beat a Drum?

Alin. A Drum!

Jule. A Drum! Ay, a Drum; didst never see a Drum, mun? Prithee try if thou canst make it grumble.

Alin. (Aside.) *Juletta's* Face and Tongue; is she run mad too? Or is there some design in this? I'm Jealous of every thing.

Jule. I'll give thee a Royal, but to go along with me to Night, and hurry durry this a little.

Alin. I care not for your Royal nor you neither, I have other business, prithee Drum to thy self and Dance to't.

Jule. Why how now, you fancy young Dog you! I have a good mind to lay down my Drum, and take ye a slap o're the Face.

Enter Roderigo and two Out-Laws.

Alin. Hark; here comes more company, I shall be taken at last. Heaven shield me! [Exit.]

Jule. *Basto*; who's there? [Aside.]

Lope. Do you need me any farther, Captain?

Rod. No, not a foot: Give me the Gown: so: the Sword.

Jule. This is the Devil Thief; and if he take me, woe be to my Gaskins.

Lope. Certainly Sir, she'll take her Patches off, and change her Habit.

Rod. Let her do what she will, she can't again deceive me. No, no, *Alinda*, 'tis not the Habit of a Boy can twice delude me.

Jule. A Boy, and Patches on, what a dull Jade have I been! [Aside.]

Rod. If she be found i'th' Woods, send me word presently, and I'll return; she can't be yet got far. If you don't find her, expect me——when you see me. No more, farewell. [Exit.]

Jule. I'm very glad thou art gone. This Boy in Patches was the Boy I talkt to; the very same, how hastily it shifted me! what a mop-ey'd Ass was I, I cou'd not know her. It must be she; 'tis she: now I remember her, how loath she was to talk: how shy she was of me. I'll follow her, but who shall plague her Father there? No, I must not quit him yet: I must have one flirt more at him, and then for the Voyage. Come, Drum, make ready. Thou must do me Service. [Exit.]

Enter Jaques, and one Out-Law.

Jaq. Are they all set? *Out.* All, and each quarter's quiet.

Jaq. Is old *Alphonso* a-sleep? *Out.* An hour ago.

Jaq. We must be very careful in our Captain's absence.

Out. It concerns us, he won't be long from us. Hark——[*Drum afar off.*]

Jaq. What! *Out.* A Drum.

Jaq. The Devil. *Out.* 'Tis not the wind, sure.

Jaq. No: that's Still and Calm. Hark again. *Out.* Tat, Tat.

Jaq. It comes nearer: we are surpriz'd; 'tis by the King's Command; we are all Dead men.

Out. Hark, hark, a Charge now. Our Captain has betray'd us all.

Jaq. This comes of Love: Poverty, a scolding Wife, and ten Daughters be his recompence. [Enter Lopez.]

Lop. D'ye hear the Drum? *Jaq.* Yes, we do hear it.

1 Out. Hark, another on that side. [Enter two Out-Laws.]

1 Out. Fly, fly, fly, we are all taken, we are all taken.

2 Out. A Thousand Horse and Foot, a Thousand Prisoners, and every Man a Halter by his side.

Lop. A dismal Night, Companions! what's to be done?

Jaq. Every Man shift for himself. [Excunt.]

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. Ay marry Sir, where's my Horse now? what a Plague did I do amongst these Rogues? is there ne're a hole to creep into? I shall be taken for their Captain, and out of respect to my Post, be hang'd up first. A Pox of all Ceremonies, cry I; what will become of me! I must be a Daughter-hunting, with a Pox to me: Lord! Lord! that a foolish young Whore

Whore shou'd lead a wise old Rogue into so much mischief. But hark : hark, I say : ay ; here they come. That I had but the Strumpet here now, to find 'em a little Play while I made my escape. —

Enter Seberto, Curio, and Out-Laws.

Seb. What do you fear ? what do you run from ? Here are no Souldiers, no Body from the King to Attack you, are you all mad ?

i Out. Ay, but the Drum, the Drum Sir, did not you hear the Drum ?

Curi. I never saw such Pidgeon-hearted Rogues : what Drum, you Fools ? What Danger ? who's that stands shaking there behind, enough to infect a whole Army with Cowardise. Mercy on me, Sir, is't you ? what is't that frights you thus ?

Alph. Is there any hopes ; do ye think I cou'd buy my Pardon ?

Seb. What is't that has frightened you thus out of your Senses ? here's no danger near you : A Drum I heard indeed, and saw it, a Boy was beating it ; Hunting Squirrils by Moon-Light.

Curi. Nothing else, upon my Word, Sir.

Alph. That Rogue, the very Boy, no doubt on't, that haunted me all last Night. I wish I had him, he has plagued my heart out. But come, let's go in, and let me get on my Cloaths ; if I stay here any longer to be Martyr'd thus, I'll beget another Daughter. Where is that Jewel ? Have you met her yet ?

Seb. No ; we have no news of her.

Alph. Then I can tell you some, she has been here in Boys Cloaths, she has trust up her Modesty in a Pair of Breeches. There has been a Pilgrim at her Tail too. I suppose the Game's almost up by this time.

Curi. A young Boy we met, Sir.

Alph. In a Gray-Hat.

Curi. In a Gray-Hat.

Alph. Patches on.

Curi. Patches on.

Alph. The Strumpet.

Curi. Impossible.

Alph. True — in the Litteral Sense.

Seb. 'Tis wonderful we shou'd not know her.

Alph. Dam her, that's all. Come get me some Wine, a great deal : This Halter makes me kekkle in the Throat still. [Exit.

Enter Juletta sola.

What a fright have I put 'em in ! a brave hurly burly ; I' faith, if this do but bolt him, I'll be with him again, with a new part. I'll ferk him ; as he hunts her, I'll hunt him, no Fox with a kennel of Hounds at his Tail, ever had such a time on't. [Exit.

S C E N E *Segovia.*

Enter Pedro and a Gentleman.

Gent. You need make no Apology Sir, I take a Pleasure in waiting upon Srangers, and shewing 'em what's worth their seeing in our City. Besides I observe you are sad, I wou'd divert your melancholy if I cou'd. Will ye view our Castle ?

Ped. I thank ye, Sir, but I've already seen it ; 'tis strong and well provided.

Gent. How do you like the Walks ?

Ped. They are very pleasant; your Town stands cool and sweet.

Gent. But that I wou'd not add to your sadness — I cou'd shew you a place were worth your view.

Ped. Shews seldom alter me, Sir, pray what place is't?

Gent. 'Tis a House here, where People of all sorts, that have been visited with Lunacies, and Follies, wait their Cures. There's fancies of a thousand stamps and fashions: Some of Pity, that it wou'd make you melt to see their Passions: And some again as light that wou'd divert you. But I see your temper, Sir, too much inclin'd to Contemplation to have a taste of such Diversions.

Ped. You mistake me, Sir, I shou'd be glad to see 'em; if you please, I'll wait upon you thither.

Gent. Since you are willing Sir, I shall be proud to be your guide.

Ped. I never yet had so much mind to take a view of misery. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter two Keepers.

1 *Keep.* Carry mad *Bess* some Meat, she roars like Thunder. And tye the Parson short; the Moon's i'th' full, he has a thousand Pigs in's Brain. Who looks to the Prentice? Keep him from Women, he thinks he has lost his Mistress: And talk of no Silk Stuffs; 'twill run him Horn mad.

2 *Keep.* The Justice keeps such a stir yonder with his Charges, and such a coil with his Warrants.

1 *Keep.* Take away his Statutes; the Devil has possess'd him in the likeness of Penal Laws; keep him from *Aqua-vitæ*, for if that Spirit creep into his Quorum, he'll commit us all. How is't with the Scholar?

2 *Keep.* For any thing I see he is in's right Wits.

1 *Keep.* Thou art an Ass; his Head's too full of other Peoples Wits, to leave room for his own. [*Enter English Madman.*]

Engl. Give me some Drink.

1 *Keep.* O ho, here's the English Man.

Engl. Fill me a thousand Pots, and froth 'em, froth 'em; down o' your knees, you Rogues, and pledge me roundly; one, two, three — and four. To the great Turk, I'm his Friend, and will prefer him, he shall quit his Crown — and be a Tapster.

1 *Keep.* Peace, thou heathenish Drunkard, Peace for shame. These *English* are so Malt-mad, there's no meddling with them; when they have a Fruitful Year of Barly there, the whole Island's thus.

Engl. Who talks of Barly? my Drink's small; down with the Malt-Tax. Huzza.

1 *Keep.* Hold your Tongue, you Bear you, or I shall so Chastise ye —

Engl. Who's that? An Excise man? The Devil [*Enter a she Fool.*]

Fool. God give you good Even, Gaffer.

2 *Keep.* Who has let the Fool loose here?

1 *Keep.* If any of the Madmen get her, they'll Pepper her, they'll Bounce her, I' Faith.

Fool. Will you walk into the Cole-house, Gaffer?

2 *Keep.* She's as Lecherous as a she Ferret.

1 *Keep.* Who a Vengeance looks to her? Go in Kate, go in, and I'll give thee a fine Apple.

Fool. Will you buss me, and tickle me, and make me Laugh?

1 *Keep.*

1 *Keep.* I'll whip you, Hussy.

Engl. Fool, fool, come up to me, fool.

Fool. Are ye peeping?

Engl. I'll get thee with five Fools.

Fool. O fine, O Dainty.

Engl. And thou shalt lie in a Horse-cloath like a Lady.

Fool. And shall I have a Coach?

Engl. Drawn with four Turkeys, and they shall tread thee too.

Fool. We shall have Eggs then; and shall I sit upon 'em?

Engl. Ay, Ay, and they shall be all Addle, and make a Tanzey for the Devil. Come, come away; I am taken with thy Love, Fool, and will mightily belabour thee.

1 *Keep.* How the Slut Bridles! How she twitters at him! These *Engl.* men would stagger a wise Woman. If we should suffer her to have her will now, we should have all the Women in *Spain* as mad as she here.

2 *Keep.* They'd strive who shou'd be most fool: Away with her.

Fool. Pray ye stay a little, let's hear him sing: He has a fine Breast.

Enter Master, three Gentlemen, Pedro, a mad Scholar.

1 *Keep.* Here comes my Master: to the Spit, you whore; and stir no more abroad, but tend your business, you shall have no more sops i'th' pan else. Away with 'em both. [*Exit Keep. with the Madman and fool.*]

1 *Gen.* I'll assure you Sir, the Cardinal's angry with you for keeping this young Man.

Mastr. I'm heartily sorry, Sir; if you allow him sound, pray take him with you.

2 *Gen.* We can find nothing in him Light nor Tainted; no starts, no rubs in all his Answers: His Letters too are full of Discretion, Learning, and in a handsom stile.

Mastr. Don't be deceiv'd Sir, mark but his Look.

1 *Gen.* His grief and his Imprisonment may stamp that there.

Mastr. Pray talk with him agen then.

2 *Gen.* That will be needless, we have tryed him long enough, and if he had a taint, we should have met with't.

Ped. A sober Youth: 'Tis Pity so heavy a misfortune should attend him.

2 *Gen.* You find no sickness?

Scho. None Sir, I thank Heaven; nor nothing that disturbs my understanding.

1 *Gen.* Do you sleep a Nights?

Scho. Perfectly sound and sweet.

2 *Gen.* Have you no fearful Dreams?

Scho. Sometimes, as all have, who go to Bed with raw and windy stomachsh.

1 *Gen.* Is there no unkindness you have receiv'd from any Friend, or Parent? or Scorn from what you lov'd?

Scho. No truly Sir, I have not yet seen Villany enough, to make me doubt the truth of Friend or Kindred—and what Love is, unless it lye in Learning, I am ignorant.

1 *Gen.* This Man is perfect; I never met with one that talk'd more regularly.

Mastr. You'll find it otherwise.

2 *Gen.* I must tell you plainly Sir, I think you keep him here to make him

him mad, but here's his Discharge from my Lord Cardinal. Come Sir, you are now at Liberty to go with us.

Scho. I thank ye, Gentlemen; Master farewell.

Mast. Farewel *Stephano*. Alas! Poor Man.

1 Gen. What flaws and gusts of Weather we have had these three days? How dark and hot it is? The Skie is full of mutiny.

Mast. It has been stubborn Weather.

2 Gen. Strange work at Sea, I doubt there's old Tumbling.

1 Gen. Bless my old Uncle's Bark, I have a Venture in't.

2 Gen. And so have I, more than I'd wish to lose, I'm in some fear.

Scho. Do you fear? *2 Gen.* Ha! How he looks?

Mast. Nay, mark him better, Gentlemen.

2 Gen. Mercy on me, how he stares?

Mast. Now tell me how ye like him? What think ye of him for a sober Man now?

Scho. Does the Sea stagger ye?

Mast. Now you have hit the Nick. *Scho.* Do ye fear the Billows?

1 Gen. What Ails him, who has stirr'd him?

Scho. Be not shaken: Let the storm rise; let it blow on, blow on: Let the Clouds wrastle, and let the Vapours of the Earth turn mutinous. The Sea in hideous Mountains rise, and tumble upon a Dolphin's back, I'll make all shake, for I am *Neptune*.

Mast. Now, what think you of him? *2 Gen.* Alas! poor Man.

Scho. Your Bark shall Plough through all, and not a surge so sawcy to disturb her: I'll see her safe, my Pow'r shall sail before her—

Down ye angry Waters all,
Ye loud whistling Whirlwinds fall.
Down ye proud Waves; ye Storms cease,
I command ye, be at Peace;
Fright not with your Churlish Notes,
Nor bruise the Keel of Bark that floats.
No devouring Fish come nigh,
Nor Monster in my Empery
Once shew his Head, or terrour bring,
But let the weary Sailor sing,
Amphitrite, with white Arms
Strike my Lute, I'll sing Charms.

Mast. Now he must have Musick, his fit will grow worse else.

2 Gen. I pity him.

[*Musick.*]

Mast. Now he'll go in quietly of himself,
And clean forget all.

Gen. We are sorry, Sir, and we have seen a wonder.
Pray Excuse our unbelief.

[*Exeunt Gent.*]

Ped. This was a strange Fit.

Mast. Many have sworn him right, and I have thought so; yet on a sudden, from some word or other, when no Man could expect a Fit, thus he has flown out.

[*Enter Alinda.*]

Alin. Must I come in too?

Mast. No, my pretty Lad, keep in thy Chamber, thou shalt have thy Supper.

Ped. Pray

Ped. Pray what is that, Sir?

Mast. A strange Boy that was found last Night wandring about the Town a little distracted, so was sent hither.

Ped. How the pretty Knave looks! and Plays, and Peeps upon me! Sure such Eyes I have seen.

Mast. Pray take care, Sir, if you seem to take notice of him, you'll make him worse.

Ped. I'll warrant you, I'll not hurt him: How he smiles! Let me look once again; but that the Cloaths are different——Sare 'tis not she——How tenderly it presses me?

Mast. I must attend else where, pray take heed. [Exit Master.]

Ped. Fear not: How my Heart beats and trembles! He holds me hard; thou hast a mind to speak to me, he Weeps: What would'st thou say, my Child? Dost know me?

Alin. O Pedro, Pedro!

Ped. O my Soul!

Gen. Hey, what fit's this; I think the Pilgrim's off the Hooks too.

Alin. Let me hold thee, and now come all the World, I fear not.

Ped. Be wise my Angel, you'll discover your self; oh, how I Love thee. How dost thou? tell me.

Alin. I have been Miserable. But your Eyes have blest me; pray think it not immodesty I kiss ye. Oh, my Head's wild still.

Ped. Be not so full of Passion, nor hang so eagerly upon me, 'twill be observ'd.

Alin. Are ye then weary of me! but you shan't leave me: No, I'll hang here for ever. Kiss you eternally, O my dear Pilgrim.

Enter Master.

Mast. Look ye there now; I knew what you'd do. The Boy's in'st again: Are ye not ashamed to torment him thus? I told you, you'd bring it upon him. Either be gone, and presently, I'll force ye else: Who waits within! [Enter two Keepers.]

Ped. Alas! good Sir, this is the way never to recover him.

Mast. Stay but one minute more, I'll complain to the Governour. Pull away the Boy; look ye there, d'ye see how he pulls, and tears himself. Be gone you had best, for if the Boy miscarry I'll make you rue it.

Ped. O Misery. *Alin.* Farewel, for ever. [Exeunt different ways.]

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

Enter Alphonso, and a Gentleman.

Juletta follows 'em unseen.

Gen. **Y**OU are now within a Mile oth' Town, Sir; if my business would give me leave, I'd guide ye farther. But for such Gentlemen as you enquire for, I have seen none. The Boy you describe, or one much like

like it, was sent in t'other Night a little maddish, and now is in the House appointed for such Cures.

Alp. 'Tis very well, I thank ye Sir.

Jule. (*aside*) And so do I: for if there be such a place, I ask no more; you shall hear of me, I' faith, old Gentleman, I'll follow you there too, as founder'd as I am. And make ye kick and roar afore I have done with you. I'll teach you to hunt Mad-Houses.

Alp. (*aside*) It must be she. 'Tis very well, is your blood so hot, I' faith, my Minx? I'll have ye maddened, I'll have ye worm'd.

Enter Alinda as a Fool.

Gen. Here's one belongs to the very House, Sir, 'tis a poor Ideot. But she'll shew you the way as well as a wiser Body. So, Sir, I leave you. [*Exit Gent.*]

Alp. Your Servant. Here Fool, a word with thee, Fool.

Alin. O I am lost, 'tis my Father in all his rage.

Alp. Hark thee, Fool.

Alin. He does not know me, Heaven grant I may deceive him still! will ye give me two pence, Gaffer, and here's a Crow Flower, and a Dazie? I have some Pye in my Pocket too.

Alp. This is an errant Fool, a meer Changeling.

Alin. Think so, and I am happy.

[*Aside.*]

Alp. Dost thou dwell in *Segovia*, Fool?

Alin. No, no, I dwell in Heaven; and I have a fine little House made of Marmalad; and I am a lone Woman, and I spin for St. Peter. I have a hundred little Children, and they sing Psalms with me.

Alp. A very pretty Conversation I am falling into here, especially for a Man in a Passion. Canst thou tell me if this be the way to the Town?

Alin. Yes, yes, you must go over the top of that high Steeple, Gaffer.

Alp. A Plague of your Fools face.

Jul. (*aside*.) No; take her Counsel, do.

Alin. And then you shall come to a River, Gaffer, twenty Miles over, and twenty Miles and ten; and then you must pray, Gaffer, and pray, and pray, and pray, and pray, and pray.

Alp. Pray Heav'n deliver me from such an Ass as thou art.

Alin. Amen, sweet Gaffer; and fling a Sop of Sugar-Cake into it, and then you must leap in naked.

Jul. (*aside*.) Wou'd he wou'd believe her.

Alin. And sink seven days together. Can ye sink, Gaffer?

Alp. Pox on thee, and a Pox o' that Fool that left me to thee. [*Exit Alp.*]

Alin. God be w'ye Nunkle.

Jul. How I rejoyce in any thing that vexes him! I shall love this Fool as long as I live, for putting her hand to the Plough. Cou'd I but see my Mistress now, to tell her how I have labour'd for her, how I have worn my self away in her Service! — Well, sure I shall find her at last.

Alin. (*aside*.) 'Tis *Juletta*. — Sure she's honest; yet I dare not discover my self to her.

Jul. Here, fool, here's something for thee to buy Apples, for the sport thou hast made in crossing thy Nunkle.

Alin. Thank ye, little Gentleman; Heaven bless ye. Pray keep this Nutmeg;

Nutmeg ; 'twas sent me from the Lady of the Mountain, a Golden Lady.

Ful. How prettily it prattles !

Alin. 'Tis very good to rub your Understanding ; and so good Night ; the Moon's up.

Ful. Pretty Innocence !

Alin. (*aside*) Now Fortune, if thou darst do good, protect me. [*Exit. Al.*

Ful. I'll follow him to your Town ; he shan't 'scape me. — Let me see. — I must counterfeit a Letter, a Letter of Authority for him. — Yes, 'twill do ; certainly do. — How I shall make his old Blood boy ! Rare sport i'faith ! — But what i'th' Name of Innocence has this Fool given me ! She said 'twas good to rub my Understanding ; is't Bread or Cheese ? — Hah ! a Ring ! a right one ! a Ring I know too ! — The very same — A Ring my Mistress took from me, and wore it. I know it by the Posie. None could deliver this but she her self. 'Twas she. Curse o' my Sand-blind Eyes. Twice deceiv'd ! Twice so near the Blessing I am seeking ! What shall I do ? Here are so many cross-ways, 'tis in vain to follow her. I hope however, for all her Dress, she's in her Senses still, for sure she knew me. — Well, to divert my melancholy till I can meet with her again, I'll go and have th' other touch with her Father.

Enter Roderigo.

[*Exit. Ful.*

Rod. She's not to be recover'd ; and, which doubles my Torment, he's got beyond my Vengeance. How they laugh at me ! Death and Furies ! But why shou'd I still wander thus, and be a Coxcomb, tire out my Peace and Pleasure for a Girl ? a Girl that scorns me too ? a thing that hates me ; and, consider at the best, is but a short Breakfast for a hot Appetite ? — Well thought : That short Repast I'll make on her, and so I'll rest. — Look to't, my young deceiver ; we shall meet ; which when we do, not all the Tears and Cries of trembling Chastity shall save you. You have fir'd my Dwelling, and shall quench my Flame. [*Enter Alinda.*

Alin. Is not that *Pedro* ? 'Tis he ; 'tis he. — Oh my —

Rod. What art thou ? *Alin.* Hah ! — Oh ! I'm miserable. [*Aside.*

Rod. What the Devil art thou ?

Alin. (*aside*) No end of my misfortunes ? Heav'ns ! that Habit to betray me ! ye holy Saints, can ye see that ? Do your selves Justice, and protect me.

Rod. It dances ! Hey-day ! The Devil in a Fool's Coat ! Is he turn'd Changeling ? What mops and mows it makes ! How it frisks ! Is't not a Fairy ? It has a mortal Face, and I've a great mind to't. But if it shou'd prove the Devil ! —

Alin. Come hither, Dear.

Rod. I think 'twill ravish me. It's a handsom thing, but basely Sunburnt. What's that it points at ?

Alin. Dost thou see that Star there ? that just above the Sun ? Prithee go thither and light me this Tobacco, and stop it with the Horns of the Moon.

Rod. The thing's mad, quite mad. Go sleep, fool, go sleep.

Alin. Thou canst not sleep so quietly ; for I can say my Prayers, and then slumber.

I am not proud, nor full of Wine ;
This little Flow'r will make me fine :
Cruel in heart, for I will cry
If I see a Sparrow dye.

I am not watchful to do ill,
Nor glorious to pursue it still;
Nor pitiless to those that weep.
Such as are, bid them go sleep.

Do, do, do; and see if they can.

Rod. It said true. Its words sink into me. Sure 'tis a kind of Sybil;
some mad Prophet. I feel my Fury bound and fetter'd in me.

Alin. Give me your hand, and I'll tell you your Fortune.

Rod. Here, prithee do.

Alin. Fye! fye! fye! fye! fye! Wash your Hands and pare your Nails,
and look finely, you shall never kiss the King's Daughter else.

Rod. I wash 'em daily.

Alin. But foul 'em faster.

Rod. (*aside*) This goes nearer me. Alin. You shall have two Wives.

Rod. Two Wives!

Alin. Yes; two fine Gentlewomen. Make much of 'em, for they'll
stick close to you, Sir. And these two in two days, Sir.

Rod. That's a fine Riddle!

Alin. To day you shall wed Sorrow, and Repentance will come to morrow.

Rod. Sure she's inspir'd. Alin. I'll tell you more, Sir. [*Sings.*

He call'd down his merry men all,

By One, by Two, by Three.

William wou'd fain have been the First,

But now the Last is he.

Rod. The very Chronicle of my misfortunes.

Alin. I'll bid you Good-Ev'n; for my Boat stays for me, and I must sup
with the Moon to Night in the *Mediterranean*. [*Exit. Alin.*

Rod. Can Fools and Mad-folks then be Tutors to me? Can they feel
my Sores, yet I insensible? Sure this was sent by Providence to steer me
right. I'm wondrous weary; my thoughts too, they are tir'd, which
adds a weighty burden to me. I have done ill; I have pursu'd it too;
nay, still run on. I must think better; be something else, or nothing.
Still I grow heavier. A little rest wou'd help me; I'll try if I can take it;
and Heaven's Goodness guard me. [*Lies down.*

Enter four Peasants.

1 Pea. We have scap'd to day well. If the Out-Laws had known we
had been stirring, we had pay'd for't, Neighbours.

2 Pea. A murrain take 'em, they have robb'd me thrice.

3 Pea. Me five times, my Daughter fifty; tho' to give 'em their due,
they ne're take any thing from her, but what she can very well spare.

4 Pea. Ah! my poor Wife has been in their hands too: But, to say
the truth, I don't find she has lost much neither.

1 Pea. For my part, I ought not to complain, for I have got three Chil-
dren by 'em. Poor *Jone*! they have pepper'd her Jacket.

2 Pea. Wou'd we had some of 'em here, to thank 'em for their kindnesses.

3 Pea. So we were strong enough to Circumcise 'em, I don't care if we had.

4 Pea. What's that lies there?

1 Pea. An old Woman that keeps Sheep hereabouts.

2 Pea. Drunk, I suppose.

3 Pea. And a Sword by her side to keep the Wolves off?—Hah!
Captain Roderigo, or the Devil.—Stand to your Arms, Gentlemen.

4 Pea.

4 *Pea.* 'Tis he.

1 *Pea.* Speak softly.

2 *Pea.* Now's our time.

3 *Pea.* Stay, stay, let's be provident. Shall we wake him before we kill him, or after?

4 *Pea.* Let me kill my share of him before he wakes.

1 *Pea.* Let me have the first blow; he robb'd me last.

2 *Pea.* No, I ought to have the first; he Cuckolded me last.

3 *Pea.* Hold, hold; no Civil Wars, d'ye hear? Beat his Brains out between ye, — And then I'll pick his Pockets. [*Aside.*]

4 *Pea.* Draw your Knives, and every Man seize a Limb.

Omn. Huzzah! *Rod.* Slaves! Villains! will ye murder me?

3 *Pea.* No, no; we'll only tickle you a little. D'ye remember *Joan*, Captain? I'll spoil ye for a Cuckold-maker. [*Enter Pedro.*]

Rod. For Heavens sake! as y're Men; as y're Christians.

3 *Pea.* Neither Man nor Christian upon this occasion, but a Cuckold with a Knife in my hand.

Rod. Oh help! Some help there!

Ped. Ye Villains! are ye at Murder? Off, ye inhuman Slaves! — Do ye not stir? Nay then have among ye.

Omn. Away, away, away. [*Exeunt.*]

Ped. Villains! use Violence to that Habit?

Rod. Pedro! Nay then I am more wretched than ever. [*Aside.*]

Ped. Hah! *Roderigo*! What makes him here thus clad? Is it Repentance, or a Disguise for Mischief? [*Aside.*]

Rod. To owe my Life to him, makes me all Confusion. [*Aside.*]

Ped. Ye are not much hurt, Sir?

Rod. No. — All I can call a Wound, is in my Conscience. [*Aside.*]

Ped. Have ye consider'd the Nature of these Men, and how they have us'd you? was it well?

Rod. (*aside*) I dare not speak, for I have nought to answer.

Ped. Did it look noble to be o're-laid with odds? Did it seem manly in a multitude to oppress you? If it be base in Wretches low like these, what must it be in one that's born like you? Ah *Roderigo*! had I abandon'd Honesty, Religion, broke thro' the Bonds of Honour and Humanity, I had set as small a price upon thy Life, as thou didst lately upon mine: But I reserve thee to a nobler Vengeance.

Rod. I thank ye; you have the Nobler Soul, I must confess it; and of your Passions are a greater Master. Th' Example's glorious, and I wish to follow it. There is a stain of Infamy about me, and the Dye is deep; yet possibly occasion may present, that I may wash it off.

Ped. I'll give you one, a noble one, I think. We have a quarrel, we've a Mistress too. We are single, and our Arms alike. In one fair risque of Life let all determine, our Rancour past, and Happiness to come.

Rod. (*aside*) His Virtue puzzles me. — I dare fight, *Pedro*.

Ped. I do believe you dare: Or if you wanted Courage, the beauteous Prize for which we now contend wou'd rouze you to't.

Rod. Hah! *Ped.* If you deserve her, draw.

Rod. I do not, nor such a noble Enemy: I therefore will not draw.

Ped. I cou'd compel you to't, but wou'd not willingly.

Rod. You cannot, to increase my Guilt : The Load's already more than I can bear ; I wo't add to't. *Ped.* Poor Evasion,

Rod. Thou wrong'st me, much thou wrong'st me ; time will convince thee on't. I'll satisfy thee any way but this. I have been wicked, but cannot be a Monster. My Sword refuses to attempt the Man preserv'd me ; its temper starts at thy Virtue. If thou wilt have me fight, give me an Enemy, for thou art none.

Ped. I'm more, for I'm thy Rival.

Rod. That is not in thy power, for I no more am thine. No, *Pedro* ; the wrongs I've done my self and thee, let that fair Saint atone for : There's nothing more I or the World can give, and nothing less can expiate my Crimes, or recompence thy Virtue.

Ped. Is't possible thou canst be such a Penitent !

Rod. I am most truly such ; and lest I should relapse again to Hell, forget the Debt I owe to thee and Heav'n, this sacred Habit I have so profan'd, shall henceforth be my faithful Monitor.

Ped. Noble *Roderigo*, how glorious is this Change ! Let me embrace thee.

Rod. Thou great Example of Humanity, dost thou forgive me ?

Ped. I do ; with joy I do.

Rod. Then I am happy—All I have more to ask, is, leave to attend you in your present difficulties ; that by such service as I have power to render, I may confirm you I am what I seem.

Ped. There needs no further proof. However, in hopes I doubly may return those Services, I'll not refuse 'em. [Exeunt.]

Enter Alphonso, Master and Keepers.

Mastr. Yes, Sir, here are such People : But how pleasing they may be to you, I can't tell.

Alp. That's not your concern ; I desire to see 'em, to see 'em all.

Mastr. All ? Why, they'll quite confound ye, Sir ; like Bells rung backwards, they are nothing but confusion, meer Noise.

Alp. May be I love Noise ?—But hark ye, Sir ; have ye no Boys ? handfom young Boys ?

Mastr. One, Sir, we have, a very handfom Boy. *Alp.* Long here ?

Mastr. But two Days. A little craz'd, but may recover.

Alp. That Boy, I would see that Boy ; perhaps I know him.—(Aside) This is the Boy he told me of ; it must be she—The Boy, Master, I beseech ye the Boy.

Mastr. You shall see him, Sir, or any else : But pray don't be so violent.

Alp. I know what to do, I warrant ye ; I'm for all fancies ; I can talk to 'em, and dispute if occasion be—Who lies here ?

Keep. Pray don't disturb 'em, Sir ; here lies such Youths will make you start, if they begin to Dance their Frenchmores.

Mastr. Fetch out the Boy, Sirrah. [Shaking of Irons within.] —Hark !

Alp. Hey-boys !

Enter English Madman, Scholar and Priest.

Eng. Bounce. Clap her o'th' Starboard. Bounce. Top the Can.

Schol. Dead, ye Dog, dead ! D'ye quarrel in my Kingdom ? Give me my Trident.

Eng. Bounce !—'Twixt Wind and Water ! Laden with Mackerel !—
Oh brave Meat ! *Scho.* My

Scho. My Sea-Horses. I'll charge the Northern Wind, and break his Bladder.

Alp. Brave sport, i'faith !

Priest. I'll sell my Bells, before I'll be outbrav'd thus.

Alp. What's he.

Mast. A Priest, Sir, that run mad for a Tythe-pig.

Alp. Curran-sawce cure him.

Priest. I'll curse ye all, I'll excommunicate ye. Thou English Heretick, give me the tenth Pot.

Eng. Sue me, I'll drink up all. Bounce I say once more— O-ho ! have I split your Mizen ? Blow, blow, thou West-wind ; blow till thou rise, and make the Sea run roaring ;—I'll hiss it down again, with a Bottle of Ale.

Scho. Tryton ! why, Tryton !

Eng. Tryton's drunk with Metheglin.

Scho. Strike, strike the Surges, strike.

Priest. I'll have my Pig.

Eng. Drink, drink ; 'tis Day-light—Drink, diddle, diddle, diddle, Drink!

Priest. I'll damn thee.

Eng. Priest, proud Priest, a Pig's Tail in thy Teeth.

Priest. My Pig—or I'll marry thee.

Eng. Say no more. My Drink's out. Hush is the word—and to sleep.

Mast. Their Fits are cool now ; let 'em rest.

Alp. Mad Gallants, mad Gallants, i'faith ; I love their Faces ; I never fell into better Company in my Life.

[Enter mad Taylor.

Tay. Who's that ?—The King of Spades ?
I'll make him a new Mantle ?

Alp. Hey Day : A mad Taylor too ! What
The Pox made thee Mad ?

Tay. Cabbage——Snip goes the Sheers——
And the Coat's never the shorter.

Alp. Thou'rt a brave Fellow, and sha't make me
A new Doublet.

Tay. For thy Coronation—— I'll do't ;
But Mony down ; dost hear ? Mony down.
The King of Spades is a Courtier.

Priest. I'll have a new Gown.

Tay. So thou sha't, made of Shreds——and a
Tythe Loufe——to prevent Damnation——

Alp. Wo't be my Chaplain ?

Priest. And say Grace to boild Meat ?——The Devil!

Alp. Can't thou Preach ?

Priest. Give me a Text.

Tay. Pudding.

Priest. Where is't ?—— I'll handle it——Divide it——
Subdivide it——and give my Parish——ne're a bit on't.

Tay. My Lady's Woman shall have a slice.

Priest. Mum.

Tay. I'll cut thee a pair of Britches, out of the tail of her Petticoat.

Priest. Warm ware——Dog Days——but Hush : Put out the Can-
dle——Maiden-head's the Word. If the Cardinal heat's on't——
he'll have a Pair too.

[Enter Keepers, and she Fool in Alinda's Cloaths;

I Keep.

1 *Keep.* You stinking Whore, who did this for you? Who looks to the Boy? Pox take him, he was asleep when I left him.

2 *Keep.* I suppose he made the Fool drunk.

Mast. What's this noise about? Where's the Boy?

1 *Keep.* Here's all the Boys we have found.

Mast. These are his Cloaths; but where's he?

1 *Keep.* Ay, that's all I want to know.

Mast. Where's the Boy, ye Slut you? Where's the Boy?

Fool. The Bôy's gone a Maying; he'l bring me home a Cuckow's Nest. Do you hear, Master? I put my Cloaths off, and I dizen'd him; I pinn'd a Plume in his Forehead, and a Feather, and buff'd him twice, and bid him go seek his Fortune. He gave me this fine Mony, and he gave me fine Wine too, and bid me sop; and gave me these trim Cloaths too, and put 'em on, he did.

Alp. Is this the Boy you'd shew me?

Fool. I'll give you Two-pence, Master.

Alp. Am I Fool'd on all sides? I met a Fool in the Woods in a long py'd Coat; they said she dwelt here.

Mast. That was the very Boy, Sir.

Fool. Ay, ay, ay; I gave him leave to play forsooth; he'l come again to morrow, and bring Peascods.

Mast. I'll Peascods your Bones, you Whore.

Alp. Pox o' your Fools and Bedlams; Plague o' your Owls and Apes.

Mast. Pray, Sir, be moderate; such Accidents will happen sometimes, take what care we can.

Alp. Damn Accidents: You're a Juggler, and I'm abus'd.

Mast. Indeed, Sir, you are not.

Alp. It's false; I am abus'd, and I will be abus'd, whether you will or no, Sir.

[Enter Welchman.

Wel. Whaw, Mr. Keeper.

Alp. What a pox have we got here?

Wel. Give me some Cheefe and Onyons; give me some Wash-prew; I have hunger in my pellites; give me apundance. *Pendragon* was a Shentleman, mark you, Sir? And the Organs at *Wrexham* were made by Revelations; there is a Spirit plows and plows the Pellows, and then they sing.

Alp. Why, this Moon Calf's madder than all the rest. Who the Devil is he?

Mast. He's a *Welch-man*, Sir: He ran mad, because a Rat eat up his Cheefe.

Alp. The Devil he did. *Wel.* I will peat thy Face as plack as a plue Clout.

Mast. He won't Hurt you, Sir, don't be afraid.

Wel. Give me a great deal of Cuns: Thou art the Devils, I know thee by thy Tails: I will will peg thy Pums full of Pullets.

Alp. This is the rarest Rascal! He speaks as if h' had Buttermilk in's Mouth.

Wel. *Basilus Manus* is for an old Codpice, mark ye. I will porrow thy Urslip's Whore to Seal a Letter.

Alp. Ha, ha, ha.

Mast. Now he begins to grow Villanous.

Alp. Methinks he's best know.

Mast. Take him away.

Alp. he shan't go.

Mast. He must, Sir.

Wel. I will Sing, and dance, and do any thing.

Alp. Wilt thou declaim in *Greek*?

Scho. Do, and I'll confound thee.

Wel. I will eat some Puddings.

Eng. Pudding! where is't? Bak'd or Boil'd, Plums or Plain, 'tis mine by *Magna Charta*. — The King of *Spain* eats White-Pot.

Alp.

Alp. Oh brave *English* Man? Wilt have any Beef, Boy?

Mast. Nay, now, Sir, y' have made him stark mad. Lay hold of him there quickly.

Eng. Beef! ye Gods! Beef! —I'll have that Ox for Supper—Knock him down—Chines, Surloins, Ribs, and Buttocks. —Lead me to the *French* Camp—They fly! they fly! they fly! they fly! they fly! they fly! Huzzah!

Mast. Away with him; he'll be so mad now, the Devil can't tame him. Take 'em all away. [Exit Keeper and Madmen.]

Alp. He shan't go. What a Pox makes ye spoil company?

Mast. Away with him, I say.

Alp. I gad I'll see him in's Lodging then; I have a mind to sup with him. If he's such rare company now he's sober, what will he be over a Bottle?

Mast. What the Devil would this old Spark be at? I think he's as mad as any of 'em. [Enter Julietta.]

Jul. (aside) He's in, and now have at him—Are you the Master, Sir?

Mast. Yes, What do you want?

Jul. I have a business from the Duke of *Medina*. Is there not an old Gentleman come lately here?

Mast. Yes; and a mad one too; but he's no Prisoner.

Jul. There's a Letter, pray read it—(aside) I shall be with you now, i'faith, my old Master; I'll rouze your Blood now to the purpose; I'll teach ye to plague Women, ye old put you.

Mast. This Letter says the Gentleman is Lunatick: I half suspected it.

Jul. 'Tis but too true, Sir; And such pranks he has plaid—

Mast. He's some Man of note, I suppose, the Duke Commands me with such care to look to him. He's in haste too, I find, for his Recovery; for he bids me spare no Correction.

Jul. He directed me to say the same thing to you. Pray, Sir, have no regard to his Age or Quality: But since 'tis for his Good, strap him soundly.

Mast. He shall have the sharpest Discipline, I promise you. — Pray how did you get him hither?

Jul. By a Train I laid for him; he's in Love with a Boy you must know; there lies his Crack.

Mast. He came hither to seek one.

Jul. Yes, I sent him. We should never have got him here by force.

Mast. Here was a Boy last Night. *Jul.* He did not see him, did he?

Mast. No; he was slept away first.

Jul. So much the better. Pray, Sir, look well to your Charge; I must see him lodg'd before I go; the Duke order'd me. I fancy you'll find him very rough.

Mast. Oh! that's nothing. We are us'd to that; we can be as rough as he, I'll warrant him.

Jul. See here he comes. — (aside) Oh! how it tickles me!

Enter Alphonso and 2d. Keeper.

Alp. What dost talk to me of noises? I'll have more noise. I love noise: I'll have 'em all loose together. Your Master has let my Boy loose, and I'll do as much by his.

2 Keep. Will you go out, and not make disturbances here?

Alp. I won't go out, you Rascal; I'll have 'em all out with me. There's no body mad here, but thee and thy Master. — [Irons shake.] Hey brave

brave Boys! Mad Boys! Mad Boys!

Jul. Do you perceive him now?

Mast. 'Tis too apparent. — D'ye hear, Sir? Pray will ye make less stir, and see your Chamber? *Alp.* Ha!

2 Keep. Nay, I thought he was mad. I gad our Master has found him out. I'll have one long lash at your back, i' faith, old Spark.

Mast. Come, Sir, will you retire quietly to your Chamber?

Alp. My Chamber! What dost thou mean by my Chamber? Where's the Boy, you Blockhead you?

Mast. Look ye, Sir, we are People of few words here; either go quietly to your Chamber, or we shall carry you there with a Witness.

Alp. A strange fellow this! — And what Chamber is't thou would'st have me go quietly to?

Mast. A Chamber the Duke has order'd to be prepar'd for you within; you shall be well lodg'd, don't fear.

Alp. The Duke! What, what, what hast thou got in thy Head? what Duke, Monkey, ha?

Mast. Hark ye, Sir, let me advise you, don't expose your self; you are an old Gentleman, and shou'd be Wise; you are a little mad, which you don't perceive; your Friends have found it out, and have deliver'd you over to me. [*Alph. Spits in his Face.*] — Say ye-so, old Boy? — A hey! Seize him here, and fifty flaps o'th' back presently.

Jul. (*aside*) I'm afraid they'll make him mad indeed. — Rare sport!

Alp. Hold, hold, hold, hold, hold. — Hark ye, Gentlemen, Gentlemen, one word, but one word. Pray do me the favour to shew me my Chamber.

Mast. O-ho! I'm glad to see you begin to come to your self, Sir. I don't doubt, by the blessing of Heaven, and proper methods, to bring you to your senses again.

Alp. Yes, Sir, I hope all will be well. Really I find my self at this time, as I think, very sensible — of some stroaks o'the back. [*Aside.*]

Mast. I can see your madness very much abated.

Alp. Yes, truly, I hope it is; tho' I can't say but — a — I am still — a — little discompos'd.

Mast. There must be some time to restore a Man. Rome was not built in a day. But since the Duke has so much kindness for you to be in haste for your Cure, when your next fit comes, we'll double the Dose. — Here, lead the Gentleman to his Chamber. But he must have no Supper to night; take care of that. *Alp.* Pray, Sir, may I sleep?

Mast. A little you may. In the morning we'll take 30 or 40 Ounces of Blood away; which with a Watergrewel-Dyet for a Week or ten days, may moderate things mightily. — Go carry him in, I'll follow presently.

Alp. What a Wretched Dog am I! [*Exit Keepers and Alp.*]

Mast. You see, Sir, the Duke's Orders are obey'd. *Jul.* I'll not fail to acquaint him with it. Pray let the old Gentleman want nothing but his Wits.

Mast. He shall be taken perfect care of. — My humble Duty to his Grace. [*Exit Master.*]

Jul. So, now I think I have fix'd thee. This has succeeded rarely! — I cou'd burst with laughing now, lye down and rowl about the Room, I'm so tickl'd with it: But I have other business to do; now's my time to serve my Mistress. Good Stars guide me where she is, and I have nothing more to ask you, but a Husband.

A C T V.

Enter Seberto and Curio.

Seb. **O**'My Conscience we have quite lost him: He's not gone home, we heard from thence this morning.

Cur. Faith, let's e'en turn back; this is but a Wildgoose-Chace.

Seb. No, hang't, let's see the end of these Adventures now we are out: They must end soon one way or other.

Cur. Which way shall we go? We have scow'r'd the Champion-Country, and all the Villages; already.

Seb. We'll beat these Woods; and if nothing start, we'll to *Segovia*.

Cur. I'm afraid he's sick, or fallen into some danger. He has no Guide nor Servant with him.

Seb. Hang him, he's tough and hardy; he'll bear a great deal.

Cur. Shall we part, and go several ways?

Seb. No, that will be melancholy; let's e'en keep on together. Come, we'll cross here first; and as we find the Paths, let them direct us. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Alinda and Juletta.

Jul. Indeed, Madam, 'tis very cruel in you to shew this strange Mistrust of me. Have I not always serv'd you faithfully? Why do you shun me thus? What have I done to call my Truth in question? But I see you are still doubtful; 'tis enough; I'll leave you; and may you light of one will serve you better. Farewel.

Al. Prithee forgive me. I know thou art faithful, and thou art welcome to me; a welcome Partner to my Miseries. Thou know'st I love thee too.

Jul. I have indeed thought so.

Al. Alas! my Fears have so distracted me, I durst not trust my self.

Jul. Pray throw 'em by then, and let 'em distract you so no more; at least, consider how to prevent 'em. Pray put off this Fool's Coat; tho' it has kept you secret hitherto, 'tis known now, and will betray you. Your Arch-Enemy *Roderigo* is abroad, and a thousand more are looking for you.

Al. I know it, and wou'd gladly change my Dress if I knew how: But, alas! I have no other.

Jul. I'll equip you. I lay last night at a poor Widow's house here in the Thicket, where I'll carry you, and disguise you anew; my self too to attend you.

Al. But hast thou any Money? for mine's all gone.

Jul. Enough for this occasion; I did not come out empty.

Al. Hast thou seen *Roderigo* lately?

Jul. This very morning, in these Woods. Take heed, for he has got a new Shape.

Al. A Pilgrim's Habit, I know it. Was he alone?

Jul. No, Madam. And, which made me wonder, he was in Company with that very Pilgrim, that handsome Man you were concern'd you gave nothing to.

Al. Is't possible?

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Al. Is't possible?

F

Jul.

Jul. The very same.— See how one may be deceiv'd! I shou'd ne'er have thought him a Companion for such a Villain.

Al. Did they seem Friends?

Jul. The greatest that cou'd be.

Al. Intimate?

Jul. Walk'd with their Arms about one another's Waste.

Al. What can this mean?

Jul. Lord! how she trembles!

Al. Canst thou shew 'em me?

Jul. Not for the World in this Dress: But come with me to my Old Woman's; and when we are new cas'd, I'll shew you any thing.

Al. Let's be speedy then, for I am full of Agitation. Come, as we go, I'll tell thee all my Secrets.

Jul. I'll keep 'em faithfully.— This is the way, Madam. [Exeunt.]

Enter Governor, Verdugo, and Citizens.

Gov. Use all your Sports, good people, all your Solemnities; 'Tis the King's Birth-day, a Day we ought to honour.

1 Cit. We will, Noble Governor, and make *Segovia* ring with Joy.

2 Cit. We shou'd be a little more hearty in our Mirth tho', if your Honour would take into your Consideration the Miseries we suffer by these Outlaws here. Our Trade's undone by 'em, Strangers dare not come near us; besides, our Wives and Daughters make woful Complaints of 'em.

Gov. I'm sorry for't, and have Orders from the King to help ye; You shan't be long perplex'd with 'em.

3 Cit. 'Tis time they were routed truly; for they grow fearful Confident. They'll come to Church sometimes, and carry off our Altar-Plate. Father *Dominic* has curs'd 'em all till he's grown hoarse again; so he says they are damn'd, which is some comfort.

1 Cit. If your Honour were not here to awe 'em a little, they'd come and make us a Visit at this good time.

3 Cit. Yes; they'd eat all our Meat, drink up our Drink, ring our Bells backwards, piss out our Bonfires; and when their Mettle was up, have at the Fairest i'faith.

2 Cit. Nay, have at All: They are none of your nice ones. My poor Mother's Fourscore and odd, and she made shift to get her self ravish'd amongst 'em.

Gov. Are they so fierce? D'ye hear, *Verdugo*? after this Solemnity is over, I'll send you with a Party to attack 'em. We'll try if we can tame 'em.

Ver. Their Captain *Roderigo* is to be pitied; A Gentleman, and a brave Soldier too.

Gov. The Court has not rewarded him as his Services have deserv'd; their neglect of him has urg'd him to this Course.

Ver. They have a hungry Eye on his Estate; 'tis That, I doubt, keeps back his Pardon.

Gov. It had been pass'd e're this else: but he wants Temper to discern the Cause.

Ver. Have you ne'er heard, Sir, of the Noble *Pedro* yet?

Gov.

Gov. Never. I fear he's dead. The Court bewails his loss ; the King himself laments him.

Ver. He has reason ; 'twas in his Service he undid himself : And if he had rewarded him as he deserv'd, h'had had him still to merit more.

Gov. If he be still alive, and e're returns, I know he is resolv'd to make him happy. But come, let's to the Church, and there begin the Celebration of our Royal Master's Birth-day.

Enter Roderigo and Pedro.

Rod. How sweet these solitary Places are ! how wantonly the Wind blows through the Leaves, and Courts and Plays with 'em ! Will ye sit down and sleep ? 'Tis wondrous Hot.

Ped. I cannot sleep, my Friend : My Heart's too watchful to admit of Slumbers.

Rod. The Murmurs of this Stream perhaps may lull you into Rest : Hark ! the Birds join too to Ease you. Pray sit down.

aside.] I fain wou'd wooe his Fancy into Peace ; I fee 'tis much disturb'd — Will you not try to take a moment's Rest ?

Ped. It is impossible : Have you seen no one yet ?

Rod. No Creature.

Ped. What strange Musick was that we heard far off ?

Rod. I cannot guess ; it was uncommon ; sometimes it seem'd hard by, at least I thought so.

Ped. It pleas'd me much : what cou'd it be ? here's no Inhabitants.

Rod. They talk of Fairies, and such airy Beings : If there are such, methinks they cou'd not chuse a lovelier Dwelling.

Ped. Those Rocks there look like enchanted Cells, form'd for such Inhabitants. Hark ! more Musick ! [*Musick.*] 'Tis here again ! Hark ! gentle *Roderigo* ! O Love ! what fuel's this to feed thy Flame ? O *Alinda* !

● *Rod. aside.* By all his Woes, he weeps. [*They lye down.*]

Enter Alinda and Juletta like Old Women.

Rod. What are these ? *Ped.* What !

Rod. Those there ; those things that come upon us : Did not I say these Woods had Wonder in 'em ?

Jul. Now you may view 'em : There are the Men you wish'd for. There they are both ; Now you may boldly talk with 'em, and ne're be guess'd at. Don't be afraid : See ! they're surpriz'd ! they don't know what to make of us !

Alin. I tremble ! —

Jul. Then you spoil all : Take Courage and attack 'em, I'll bring you off I'll warrant ye.

Alin. 'Tis he and *Roderigo* ; What Peace dwells in their Faces ? What a friendly Calm ?

Rod. They seem Mortal : They come upon us still.

Ped. Let's meet 'em ; Fear won't become us. Hail Reverend Dames !

Alin. What, do you seek, good Men ?

Ped. We wou'd seek happier Fortunes.

Alin. Seek 'em, and make 'em.

• Lie not still, nor longer here ; | Be Constant, Good, in Faith be clear,
Here inhabits nought but Fear : | Fortune will wait ye everywhere.

Ped. Whither shou'd we go? For we believe thee, and will obey thee.

Alin. Go to *Segovia*; and there before the Altar pay thy Vows, thy Gifts and Prayers; unload thy Heaviness.

There shed thy mournful Tears, and gain thy Suit;
Such honest noble Showres ne'er wanted Fruit.

Jul. to *Rod.* And next for you.

See how he Quakes!

A secure Conscience never shakes.

Thou hast been ill, be so no more;

A good Retreat, is a great Store:

Thou hast Commanded Men of Might;

Command thyself, and then thou'rt right.

Alin. Command thy Will, thy foul Desires;

Quench thy wild, unhallow'd Fires.

Command thy Mind; let that be pure;

A Blessing then thou may'st procure.

Jul. Take sage Advice: Go say thy Prayers;

Thou hast as many Sins as Hairs.

Of Lawless Men, a Lawless Chief;

A Rebel bloody, and a Thief.

Alin. Retire thou Trembling Guilt, retire;

And purge thee perfect in his Fire:

His Life observe; be that thy Guide,

And Heav'n may then be on thy side.

Jul. At *Segovia*, both appear.

Alin. Be wise, and Happiness is near.

Both. Be wise, and Happiness is near.

[*Exeunt.*]

Rod. Astonishment! what can this mean? They know my very Soul.

Ped. Mine they've Inspir'd: — Be wise, and Happiness is near. Those were their parting words. They had the awful Sound of sacred Truth, and I have faith to Comfort me. Come on my Friend. The Oracle enjoys an easy Pilgrimage. Let's try what Fate intends us. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter Master of the Mad-house, Seberto and Curio.*]

Cur. We have told you what he is, what time we have sought him, his Nature and his Name, The seeming Boy too. We have given you I think a fair Account of.

Seb. That the Duke shou'd send that Letter, is Impossible; He knows him not. And for his madness, that we both can clear him of. A Humourist he is indeed a great one, violent too on every small occasion — but no more —

Cur. 'Twas some Trick that brought him hither; Th' Letter and the Page, both Counterfeits: If therefore you'd be well advis'd, don't keep him longer here.

Mas. Gentlemen you have satisfied me, and I'll release him: Tho' I must confess, whether you'll call it madness or not, I believe a little more of our Discipline wou'd do the old Gentleman a kindness. But I'll dispute no longer — you shall have him.

Seb. Sir, we thank you.

[*Enter Lopez.*]

Mas.

Mas. Here, bring out the old Gentleman, I believe he may be something weak, for we have Dieted him low, and taken a good deal of Blood from him.

Curi. Poor *Alphonso*.

[Enter Keeper with *Alphonso*.]

Seb. Poor *Alphonso* indeed! Was there ever such a Skeleton! Sir, I'm glad once more to meet with you, (To *Alphon.*

Curi. I'm overjoy'd to find you.

Alph. Soft, no flights: Passions are all forbid here. Let your Tongue go like a Pendulum, steddily: or that Gentleman there will regulate your Motion, with fifty Stroaks o' the back presently.

Seb. There's no Danger: You are safe too; we have satisfied the Master, who, and what you are; And he has consented to release you.

Mrs. Yes, Sir, these Gentlemen have assur'd me you are a sober Person, so I ask your excuse for what's past, and restore you to your Liberty.

Alp. Very concise indeed: Sir, I am much beholding to you truly, and do confess with great humility I have not deserv'd the Favours you have been pleas'd to bestow upon me. But if I have the Honour to see you at my House, I shall not forget to return your Bounty with some Strokes of Acknowledgement.

Mas. Sir, your very humble Servant.

Alp. Sir, Entirely yours.

Mas. Farewel Gentlemen.

[Exit Master.]

Alp. Come Friends, one under one Arm, and t'other under t'other. I must make a pair of Crutches of ye —

Seb. You are very weak indeed.

Curi. You look wretchedly.

Alp. A little in Love only, that's all. Ah *Seberto*. Ah *Curio* — such Discipline, the Lord have mercy on me. Had I been here till to morrow morning, this Dog wou'd not have left me Six Ounces of Blood in my whole Body.

Seb. Can you imagine who put this Trick upon you?

Alph. The Devil to be sure; but who gave him his Cue I can't tell — Come, Carry me off: Lead me to Church, I'm in a very Religious fit at this time, and will give some small Thanks for my Delivery: when that's over, I'll be-reveng'd. [Exit.]

S C E N E an Altar.

[Solemn Musick.]

Enter Governor, Verdugo, Courtiers, Ladies, who make their several Offerings Kneeling.

Gov. This — To Devotion sacred be,

This — To the Kings Prosperity.

This — To the Queen, and Chastity.

Cor. Sings. Long live the King;
Prolong ye Powers, Prolong his Sway;
Repeat, repeat this Joyful Day,
Long live the King.

Ver.

Ver. These Oblations first we bring
To Purge our selves: These to the King:
To Love and Beauty these: Accept our Offering,
Cor. Long live the King, &c.

Enter Pedro and Roderigo.

Ped. For our selves first Thus we bend;
Rod. Forgive us Heaven, and be our Friend.
With Glory bless, and Long preserve
The Prince we do, or ought to serve;
Accept our Offerings we Implore;
The Peace which we have Lost restore.

Ped. Give me *Alinda*, and I ask no more.
Co. Long Live the King, &c.

Enter Alphonso, Curio, Sebarto.

Alp. For my Lost Wits (Let me see)
First I pray; and Secondly,
To be at home again and Free;
And if I Travel more, — hang me.
Next for the King, and for the Queen,
That they be wise, and never seen
Where I was, in the Madman's Inn.
For my Daughter I should pray;
But since the Strumpet's run away,
In Heaven's presence I forsake her
And give the Devil leave to take her.
Long live the King, &c.

Enter Alinda and Juletta like Shepherdesses.

Jule. Here they all are, Madam, but fear nothing: The Place protects
you. My old *Bilboa* Master, o' my Conscience. How in the name of
mischief got he out? but they have pepper'd him I see. That's some
Comfort.

Alin. Hail to this sacred Place.

[*Going to the Altar.*]

Seb. 'Tis She, sure.

Cur. 'Tis, certainly.

Ped. Is it a Vision? or is it She?

Rod. 'Tis she, and what you were fortold is now at hand. Rejoice,
my Friend, for happiness attends you.

Gov. aside. What is't these Strangers seem so much surpriz'd at?

Alph. I had a Daughter once with just such a young whorish Leer as
that: A Filly too, that waited on her; much such a Slut as t'other.
Are they come to keeping of Goats: 'tis very well.

Alind. Thus we kneel, and thus we pray,
Happiness attend this Day.

Our sacrifice we hither bring,
And sue for Blessings on the King.
Julet. These of Purple, Damask, Green,
Sacred to the Virtuous Queen,
Here we hang; As these are now,
May her Glories spring and flow.

Alind.

Alind. These for our selves, our Hopes and Loves,
Full of Pinks and Ladies Gloves.
Of hearts-ease too, which we wou'd fain,
As we labour for, Attain.

Hear me Heav'n, and as I bend
With faith and hope, some comfort send ;

Fulett. Hear her, hear her, if there be
A spotless Sweetness, this is She.

Co. Long live the King, &c.

Ped. Now *Roderigo* I may stand in need of your Assistance.

Rod. My Life is yours.

Ped. Then with a Joy that Lovers know, but none can else conceive,
Let me approach this beautiful Wanderer.

Alin. O *Pedro*.

Ped. My Life, my Heav'n.

Alp. *Pedro* : the Devil it is ?

Gov. *Pedro*, Noble *Pedro*, are we so happy to have you still among us !
This is an Unexpected Blessing.

Alp. aside. A very Great Blessing indeed.

Ped. In spite of all my Grievs, Life still prevails : Fate seems to have
some farther business for me ; if 'tis to wander on with fruitless Care, and
buffet still with Disappointments, let Manhood be my Aid. But if the
fullen cloud that long has lowring hung about my head, be destin'd to
withdraw, 'tis the warm Influence of your blessing Sir, that must dis-
perse it. [Kneels to *Alphonso*.

Alp. I bless thee ! — ha, ha : — Damn thee.

Gov. Sir, tho' I am a Stranger both to you, and the Request the No-
ble *Pedro* makes you, his merit's so well known to me, that I must be
his second in his suit, and tell you nothing can er'e be in your Power to
grant, but his desert may claim. —

Alp. I don't know what his desert may claim Governor : But if he
claims any thing but a Gallows, he's a very impudent Fellow.

Rod. Perhaps I being a Mediator, Sir, may change your thoughts of him--

Alp. *Roderigo* ?

Rod. *Roderigo*, Sir, becomes a suppliant for *Pedro*, that you wou'd bless
your self in blessing him, and bless him with the Fair *Alinda*.

Alp. aside. Here's a Dog for you : He finds the Jade's a Scamperer, so
he has a mind to be off of the Lay.

to Rod. Are you serious in this request, Sir ?

Rod. Most serious, Sir,

Alp. aside. I believe you may. Let me see : he has a mind to be rid
of her, why should not I ? *Pedro's* a Dog, and if I cou'd hang him, I
wou'd. But since I can't, I'll be reveng'd another way : He shall marry
the Whore.

to Ped. Look ye Sir ; and Madam, [Bowing to *Alinda*,] I have made
some short Reflections upon the present Posture of Affairs, and am come
to a short Conclusion. As to my Blessing, I can't Conveniently spare it
you ; but if you can contrive to bless one another, you may e'en be as
Blessed as you please.

Ped.

Ped. Most Generous *Alphonso*. —

Alp. Most Courtly *Pedro*: you may spare your Compliment ; for if you take my word for it, the Present I have made you do's not deserve it.

Fule. But I that know her better than he that got her, say she deserves the world. —

Alp. Hark you, Madam, you had a Gillian once ; nimble Chaps I think we call'd her : Pray is this the Lady ?

Fule. No, Sir, She's at home as you order'd her ; I'm a little Footboy that walk a Nights, and Frighten old Gentlemen, make 'em lose Hats and Cloaks.

Alp. And Horses too, ha ?

Fule. Sometimes I do Sir, when the Case requires it. I teach 'em the way too through Hedges and Ditches : And how to break their Shins against a Stile.

Alp. A very pretty Art truly.

Fule. Sometimes I'm a Drum, Sir ; a Drum at midnight, Ran tan dan, dra dan tan, Sir ; a Page too upon occasion to carry Letters for the securing of old Strolers.

Alpb. Thou art the Devil.

Fule. I'm worse, Sir, I'm an old Woman sometimes that tells Fortunes.

Rod. Ha !

Fule. And fright Pilgrims, and send 'em to *Segovia* for their Fortunes. I am Musick too, any thing to do her good. And now she has got her Lover, I am *Fuletta* again, and at your service Sir, if you please to forgive me.

Alp. I dare do no otherwise, lest thou shou'dst follow me still : so I desire we may be Friends with all my heart ; and Gentlemen, if any of you have a mind to marry her —

Fule. Sir, I am oblig'd to you ; but I'm marry'd to my Mistress ; with her I hope to pass some three or fourscore Years ; so when you have any more Pranks to Play, Sir, you know where to have me —

Alp. 'Tis very well, I shall be sure to send to thee.

Ped. One reconciliation more lies on my hands : In which I must engage th' generous Governor. *Roderigo*, Sir, is not unknown to you ; nor is he a Stranger to your interest with the King. I hope you will employ it to restore him.

Gov. The King indeed is much incens'd ; but when his merit shall be laid before him, I hope he'll find it easy to forget his Crimes. Be it my Care to set him right at Court.

Alp. And mine to get home to my house again ; and if I leave it for such another Expedition,

To Fule. May'st thou be my Fellow-Traveller.

Gov. I hope before you go, Sir, you'll share with us, an Entertainment the late great Poet of our Age prepar'd to Celebrate this Day. Let the Masque begin.

A
DIALOGUE,
AND
Secular Masque,
IN THE
PILGRIM.

Written by the Late Famous
Mr. *DRYDEN*.

L O N D O N:

Printed for Benjamin Tooke, at the Middle-Temple-
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[1]

T H E

Secular Masque.

Written by Mr. D R Y D E N.

Enter Janus.

Janus.

C *Hronos, Chronos, mend thy Pace,*
An hundred times the rowling Sun
Around the Radiant Belt has run
In his revolving Race.
Behold, behold, the Goal in sight,
Spread thy Fans, and wing thy flight.

B

Enter

*Enter Chronos, with a Scythe in his hand,
and a great Globe on his Back, which he
sets down at his entrance.*

Chronos. Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my Freight,
And leave the World behind.
I could not bear
Another Year
The Load of Human-kind.

Enter Momus Laughing.

Momus. Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! well hast thou done,
To lay down thy Pack,
And lighten thy Back,
The World was a Fool, e'er since it begun,
And

And since neither Janus, nor Chronus, nor I,

Can hinder the Crimes,

Or mend the Bad Times,

'Tis better to Laugh than to Cry.

Co. of all 3. 'Tis better to Laugh than to Cry.

Janus. Since Momus comes to laugh below,

Old Time begin the Show,

That he may see, in every Scene,

What Changes in this Age have been,

Chronos. Then Goddess of the Silver Bow begin.

Horns, or Hunting-Musique within.

Enter Diana.

Diana. With Horns and with Hounds I waken the Day.

And hye to my Woodland walks away;

I tuck up my Robe, and am buskin'd soon,

And tye to my Forehead a waxing Moon.

B. 2.

I course

I course the fleet Stagg, unkennel the Fox,
And chase the wild Goats or'e summets of Rocks,
With shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the Sky;
And Eccho turns Hunter, and doubles the Cry.

Cho.of all. *With shouting and hooting, we pierce through the Skie,
And Eccho turns Hunter, and doubles the Cry.*

Janus. Then our Age was in it's Prime,

Chronos. Free from Rage.

Diana. ——— And free from Crime,

Momus. A very Merry, Dancing, Drinking,
Laughing, Quaffing, and unthinking Time.

Cho.of all. Then our Age was in it's Prime,
Free from Rage, and free from Crime,
A very Merry, Dancing, Drinking,
Laughing, Quaffing, and unthinking Time.
Dance of Diana's Attendants.

Enter

Enter Mars.

Mars. Inspire the Vocal Brass, Inspire ;
The World is past its Infant Age :

Arms and Honour,

Arms and Honour,

Set the Martial Mind on Fire,

And kindle Manly Rage.

Mars has lookt the Sky to Red ;

And Peace, the Lazy Good, is fled.

Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure fly ;

The Sprightly Green

In *Woodland-Walks*, no more is seen ;

The Sprightly Green, has drunk the *Tyrian Dye*.

Cho of all. Plenty, Peace, &c.

C

Mars

Mars. Sound the Trumpet, Beat the Drum,
 Through all the World around ;
 Sound a Reveille, Sound, Sound,
 The Warrior God is come.

Cho. of all. *Sound the Trumpet, &c.*

Momus. Thy Sword within the Scabbard keep,
 And let Mankind agree ;
 Better the World were fast asleep,
 Than kept awake by Thee.
 The Fools are only thinner,
 With all our Cost and Care ;
 But neither side a winner,
 For Things are as they were.

Cho. of all. *The Fools are only, &c.*

Enter

Enter Venus.

Venus. Calms appear, when Storms are past ;
 Love will have his Hour at last :
 Nature is my kindly Care ;
Mars destroys , and I repair ;
 Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not ev'ry Day.

Cho.of all. Take her, take her, &c.

Chronos. The World was then so light,
 I scarcely felt the Weight ;
 Joy rul'd the Day, and Love the Night.
 But since the Queen of Pleasure left the Ground,
 I faint, I lag,
 And feebly drag
 The pond'rous Orb around.

Momus

Momus. All, all, of a piece throughout ;
Pointing to Diana. } *Thy Chase had a Beast in View ;*
to Mars. *Thy Wars brought nothing about ;*
to Venus. *Thy Lovers were all untrue.*
Janus. 'Tis well an Old Age is out,
Chro. And time to begin a New.

Cho. of all. *All, all, of a piece throughout ;*
Thy Chase had a Beast in View ;
Thy Wars brought nothing about ;
Thy Lovers were all untrue.
'Tis well an Old Age is out,
And time to begin a New.

Dance of Huntsmen, Nymphs,
 Warriours and Lovers.

SONG

SONG of a *Scholar* and his *Mistress*,
 who being Cross'd by their Friends,
 fell Mad for one another; and now
 first meet in *Bedlam*.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

[Musick within.]

[*The Lovers enter at Opposite Doors, each held
 by a Keeper.*]

Phillis.

Look, look, I see--- I see my Love appear:
 'Tis he--- 'Tis he alone;
 For, like him, there is none:
 'Tis the dear, dear Man, 'tis thee, Dear.

D

Amyntas.

Amyntas. Hark! the Winds War;
 The foamy Waves roar;
 I see a Ship afar,
 Tossing and Tossing, and making to the Shoar:
 But what's that I View,
 So Radiant of Hue,
 St. *Hermo*, St. *Hermo*, that sits upon the Sails?
 Ah! No, no, no.

St. *Hermo*, Never, never shone so bright;
 'Tis *Phillis*, only *Phillis*, can shoot so fair a Light:
 'Tis *Phillis*, 'tis *Phillis*, that saves the Ship alone,
 For all the Winds are hush'd, and the Storm is over-
 [blown.]

Phillis. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his Arms.

Amyntas.

Amyntas. If all the Fates combine,
 And all the Furies join, [Charm.
 I'll force my way to *Phillis*, and break through the
 [*Here they break from their Keepers ; run to
 each other, and embrace.*]

Phillis. Shall I Marry the Man I love ?
 And shall I conclude my Pains ?
 Now blest be the Powers above,
 I feel the Blood bound in my Veins ;
 With a lively Leap it began to move,
 And the Vapours leave my Brains.

Amyntas. Body join'd to Body, and Heart join'd to Heart,
 To make sure of the Cure ;
 Go call the Man in Black, to mumble o're his part.

Phillis.

Phillis. But suppose he should stay---

Amyntas. At worst if he delay;

'Tis a Work must be done;

We'll borrow but a Day,

And the better the sooner begun.

C H O R U S of Both.

At worst if he delay, &c.

[They run out together hand in hand.]

F I N I S.